

incorporating Arts Digest / NOVEMBER 1956 / 75 cents

# ARTS

AN ANALYSIS OF "LUST FOR LIFE"

By Vernon Young

WHO WAS LOUIS SULLIVAN?

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## CONTRIBUTORS

**John McAndrew**, who undertakes an original and illuminating inquiry into the oeuvre of Louis Sullivan in this issue, is a well-known critic of modern architecture. He is on the faculty of Wellesley College and Director of the Farnsworth Museum. His articles and reviews have appeared frequently in the art magazines. He has recently been traveling in India.

The English critic **Basil Taylor** who last month authored a survey of British painting for ARTS now turns to one of England's outstanding artists—William Scott—in this issue. Mr. Taylor is the art critic for the weekly *Spectator* in London and broadcasts regularly over the B.B.C.

**Vernon Young** has written widely on films and thus brings to his consideration of *Lust for Life* in this number an authoritative background in the cinematic as well as the literary and visual arts. He is a regular contributor to *Hudson Review*, *Yale Review*, *Accent* and other magazines. His most recent appearance in ARTS was in September with an article, "The Legend and the Loss: Painting of the Old West."

**Sidney Geist**, the American sculptor, reviews Herbert Read's new book on sculpture in ARTS's Special Book Section. He has written frequently on modern sculpture, and he will have a one-man exhibition of his own work this season in New York.

**Ulrich Weisstein** is on the faculty of Lehigh University. He reviews books often for ARTS.

**FORTHCOMING:** "Henri Hayden and the Return from Cubism," a critical profile of the Polish-born Parisian painter by the American poet and critic **Edouard Roditi**. This is the first in a series of studies which Mr. Roditi is preparing for ARTS. . . **Vernon Young** follows up his essay on the paintings of the Old West with an examination of the art of George Catlin. . . The English critic **David Sylvester** contributes a comparative essay, "Expressionism, German and American," which is likely to become a controversial document both here and abroad. . . selections from the art criticism of **Félix Fénéon**, translated by **Francis Kloeppel**. . . a color feature of the **Los Angeles County Museum**. . . **Barbara Butler** reports on the fall exhibitions in Paris, **Patrick Heron** on the Braque exhibition at the Tate Gallery in London.



## ON THE COVER

Detail from **Nicolas Poussin's** RINALDO AND ARMIDE (1633-35); Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio. The French masterpiece is one of the more than thirty impressive works currently on display in a benefit exhibition, "Nude in Painting," at the Wildenstein Galleries (see pages 20-21).

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## LETTERS

### LIPPOLD AT THE MET

To the Editor:

A note to say that Hilton Kramer's remarks on the Lippold at the Met [Month in Review, October] are perhaps the definitive "exposé" of the work and circumstances. A lot of us out here . . . congratulate you.

Sidney Tillim  
New York City

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading the review of Richard Lippold's sculpture, *The Sun*, published in your October issue. It made me very sad to read in a magazine of your calibre such an unworthy piece of reviewing. Today more than any other time in art history there is a need for intelligent, aware criticism of work produced by contemporary artists. What, may I ask, is gained by the sixty-three words concerning the passage about "characteristics of the zoo . . ."? It is unbelievable to read. . . . Your readers, I am sure, want more than personal verbal calisthenics. . . .

Robert Cato  
New York City

P.S. Thanks for everything else!

To the Editor:

It was astonishing to us who have enjoyed the silver sculpture by Richard Lippold in its perfect setting in the Museum of Modern Art to see his new gold one in its strange location in the Persian wing of the Metropolitan. Hence the following:

*Lines to Lippold  
Like Bluebeard, the Modern Museum  
Keeps in a night-black room  
A most illustrious prisoner—  
The moon.*

*That ogre, the Metropolitan,  
Not to be outdone,  
Illuminates its carpets with  
The sun.*

Joan Drew  
Rye, New York

### FORTHCOMING GERMAN EXHIBITION

To the Editor:

May I send you a postscript to my "Report from Germany," published in your July issue?

As you know, the Museum of Modern Art is planning a German exhibition for next year. Mr. Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, accompanied by Mrs. Mellon, has lately visited Germany in order to arrange for this. According to my information, he intends to show the *Breucke* and the *Blaue Reiter* groups, the Bauhaus painters and four more: Baumeister, Winter, Werner, Nay. To my knowledge, he has refrained from visiting any of the artists mentioned in my Report.

One of these latter wrote to a famous critic in Berlin, asking for his intervention while the visitors were there. The reply was quite significant. "It would be no use. *Les conquanineres* are in line." When the visitors moved on to Munich, a critic, bold or impudent, nevertheless attempted it. "Thank you," answered Mrs. Mel-

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### LETTERS

lon crushingly, "we are not interested in these artists. None of them are valid." She used the German word *gueltig*, dismissing them finally and out of hand.

I am prepared for the argument that only artists with an established *oeuvre* ought to be shown in what is an historical show. By a simple *reductio ad absurdum* this would admit half the expressionist epigones and *pompier*s. They have an *oeuvre*. The three living painters chosen have performed great services; but as I have argued they are transitional figures whose best work is done. They do not represent contemporary German art. One might have expected it of Alfred Barr's successor that he would either have cut out living artists or else looked at the work of those who are creative now.

John Anthony Thwaites  
Düsseldorf  
Germany

To the Editor:

Thank you for the opportunity to reply to Mr. Thwaites' letter, which contains certain misinterpretations and misstatements we would like to correct.

1. The exhibition, which has been in the planning stage for a considerable period of time, is called "Masters of German Art of the 20th Century." It is not a comprehensive survey of contemporary German art. Instead, it is a selection of paintings, sculpture and prints by artists who, in the opinion of Mr. Ritchie, deserve the appellation of "master." While Mr. Thwaites certainly has every right to disagree with the selection, it is not clear from his letter whether or not he fully understood the intention of the exhibition.

2. Mrs. Mellon, who accompanied Mr. Ritchie, categorically denies the statement attributed to her by the unnamed critic quoted by Mr. Thwaites. Furthermore, she was not responsible for the choice of artists in the exhibition nor for value judgments on individual German artists.

3. Mr. Ritchie is not Mr. Barr's successor, but his colleague.

Elizabeth Shaw  
Publicity Director  
The Museum of Modern Art  
New York City

### HOMAGE TO CEZANNE

To the Editor:

The two articles which ARTS has published in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Cézanne's death [October] are both fitting tributes to this great master. Patrick Heron's article is written perhaps a little too exclusively from the point of view of a painter. But then, he admits he is obsessed with certain spatial problems, and even though he tends from time to time to reduce Cézanne's scope to the problems which concern only himself, he does clarify much about Cézanne's late style. He is one critic, at least, who knows something about the continuity of modern painting.

How different, though, from Rilke's insights into Cézanne, which Alfred Werner discussed in his fine piece on "Rilke and Cézanne: a Spiritual Encounter." Far from being the artistic intelligence whom Heron writes about, Cézanne there appears as something comparable to a symbol in Rilke's verse, shimmering with meanings.

J. T. WILBER  
Providence, Rhode Island



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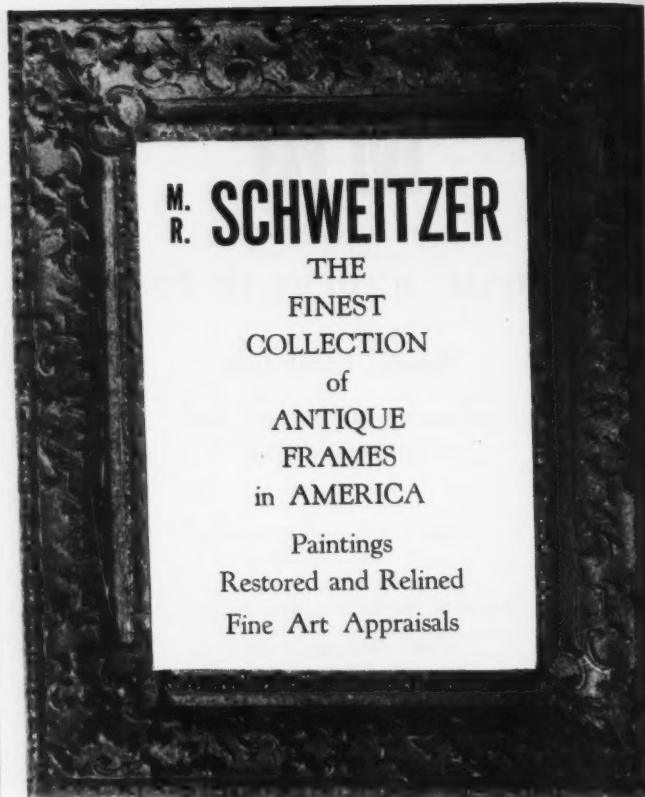
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## AUCTIONS

### CONTEMPORARY INTERESTS REFLECTED IN COMING SALE AT PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES

**S**CHEDULED to be auctioned on Tuesday evening, November 20, at 8:00 p.m., in the Parke-Bernet Galleries, is an assemblage of art works that reflects significant aspects of twentieth-century taste, for it includes a series of African and South Seas sculptures as well as paintings by recent French and American masters.

The paintings and sculptures to be offered derive from the William March Campbell Collection and other sources. Of the European works to be offered, the earliest date from the impressionist period. Gustave Caillebotte, a patron of the impressionists as well as a painter, displays his *Boating at Argenteuil*. Childé Hassam gives an American version of impressionism in *Kelp Covered Rocks, Isle of Shoals*. Among the most recent works included in the sale are Edouard Vuillard's *Paysage et personnage*, Chaim Soutine's *Le Poulet mort* and Georges Rouault's *Paysage biblique*.

Both paintings and sculpture in this notable sale will be on exhibit at the Parke-Bernet Galleries beginning Friday, November 16.

### AUCTION CALENDAR

**November 7 & 8, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. Library sets, first editions, early printing, books about books, mainly the library of Mrs. A. A. McFall, Carmel, California, sold by her order. Included in a group of fine-arts reference books is Redgrave's *A Century of Painters of the English School* (extra-illustrated); press publications include *The Doves Bible*, and among other literary material is Sloan's *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, with ivory miniatures. Exhibition now.

**November 8, 9 & 10, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important sale of French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, Chinese porcelains, tapestries, paintings, Oriental rugs, English furniture, silver, glass; from the estate of the late Ethel Tod Humphrys, New York, and the estate of a Long Island private collector. Highlighting a group of tapestries is one from the famous series of Royal Beauvais weavings, *Les Grotesques chinoises*, from cartoons by Jean-Baptiste Bérain. Among the paintings are Hoppner's *Mrs. Frances Henrietta Jerminham*, afterwards *Lady Stafford*, Nattier's *Mme de Bourbon-Conti* and a pair of characteristic Hubert Robert landscapes, *Colonnades antiques* and *Les Lavandières*. Exhibition from November 3.

**November 15 & 16, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. American furniture and silver, arms and armor, Georgian and other silver, porcelains; Part IV of sale from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Also included are blue Staffordshire ware and salt-glaze examples; cut- and blown-glass bowls, dishes, urns, punch cups; gold and enamel *cartes de bal*, crystal and other *objets de vertu*; Renaissance and other bronze medals, plaquettes, bronzes, wood and stone sculptures, terra-cotta and other reliefs. Exhibition from November 10.

**November 17, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. Furniture and decorations from various owners. Exhibition from November 10.

**November 20 & 21, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. Autograph letters of historical significance, from various sources. Included are letters of Lincoln, Washington, McHenry, J. S. Booth, J. E. B. Stuart, Thomas Paine, John Adams and others, and a number of letters written by Union and Confederate generals. Of Continental origin are a number of letters written by Napoleon. Exhibition from November 10.

**November 20, at 8:00 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important sale of modern paintings and African and South Seas sculpture, from the William March Campbell Collection and other sources. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from November 16.

**November 24, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. French eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, sold by order of Frederick P. Victoria, New York. Included are commodes, dining and occasional tables, seat furniture and other pieces. Among the objects of art are porcelains, chandeliers, clocks and barometers. A few needlepoint rugs are also included in the sale. Exhibition from November 17.

**November 27 & 28, at 1:45 p.m.** Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern French illustrated books, color prints and posters, from the collection of a former curator of the Louvre, sold by order of the present owner. Among the artists represented are Bonnard, Braque, Cézanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Léger, Manet, Matisse, Maillol, Miró, Modigliani, Pascin, Picasso, Redon, Renoir, Rouault and Toulouse-Lautrec. Exhibition from November 17.

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## PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Lessing J. Rosenwald.



Carroll E. Hogan.



Harris K. Prior.



Charles H. Sawyer.



Vincent Glinisky.

**Lessing J. Rosenwald** (above) of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, has been elected President of the newly formed Print Council of America. Forty authorities in the art world, including curators of leading museums, well-known collectors, artists and dealers, as well as academic leaders, met in September of this year to form this non-profit organization to stimulate interest in the graphic arts.—

**Carroll E. Hogan** (above) has been appointed Director of the Wichita Art Mu-

seum in Kansas. Mr. Hogan was previously Curator of Collections at the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York.

The appointment of **Harris K. Prior** (above) as Director of the American Federation of Arts has been announced by Federation President James S. Schramm. Mr. Prior, who has served as Director of the Community Arts Program of the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica for the past ten years, will assume his new position on December 1. After graduating

from Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Prior studied at the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, at Yale University, at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, and, in Europe, at the Universities of Brussels and Paris. He served in the Navy during World War II and was recalled to active duty during the Korean War. Succeeding Thomas M. Messer, who is taking over the directorship of the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art, Mr. Prior now becomes head of an exhibition program that

## EXHIBITIONS HERE AND ABROAD

The **Washington County Museum of Fine Arts** in Hagerstown, Maryland, is observing its twenty-fifth anniversary with an exhibition of European masterpieces and *objets d'art* lent by the E. & A. Silberman Galleries, the Walters Gallery and a private collector.

Titian, Giorgione, Veronese and Dürer are among the artists represented in this exhibition which will continue through November.

**Titian, PORTRAIT OF A LADY;** courtesy of E. & A. Silberman Galleries.



An exhibition of **contemporary Dutch art** will open at the Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio, on November 4. This showing marks the beginning of a nationwide tour sponsored by the Embassy of the Netherlands and circulated by the Smithsonian Institution Travelling Exhibition Service.

The exhibition features the younger generation of Dutch artists who emerged after the liberation in 1945. It also includes a few older painters such as Ouborg, Benner and Nanninga whose work suggests that advanced ideas were evolving in Holland, though in isolation, before 1940. Among the young artists represented, Karel Appel and Corneille are considered to be the leaders in determining the postwar accent of Dutch art.

Sculpture in this group attests to persistent experimentation with the possibilities of new materials and freer designs. Among the forceful young Dutch sculptors represented are Wessel Couzijn, Hendrik Zweerus, C. N. Visser and André Volten (see *Bird* at right).

In his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition, Mr. A. M. Hammacher, Director of the Kröller-Müller in Otterlo, Holland, writes, "The exhibition shows, in a varied way, the tensions that have existed in Dutch art since 1945. . . . Whereas formerly Dutch artists often followed from a distance and in a cautious manner—almost introspectively—their participation now appears to be a more direct and dynamic contribution."

Following its stay in the Toledo Museum, the exhibition, comprised of sixty-

eight paintings, drawings and sculptures, will be seen in Columbia, South Carolina; West Palm Beach, Florida; Chattanooga, Tennessee; Louisville, Kentucky; Los Angeles and San Francisco, California.

The **Fourth International Biennial of the São Paulo Museum of Modern Art**, to be held from September to December, 1957, will comprise, besides the exhibition of plastic arts, an architectural exhibition, a contest for schools of architecture and a film festival. Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretaria da



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includes some sixty shows, of both historic and contemporary art, currently circulating on this continent.

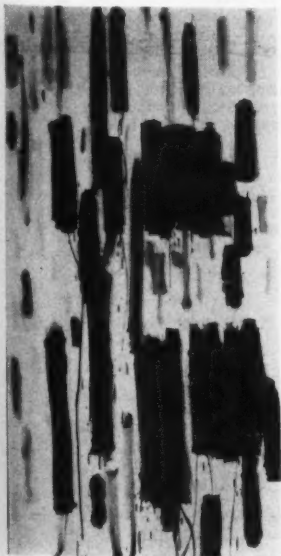
**Charles H. Sawyer**, Dean of the Yale School of Architecture and Design and former head of the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts, has been appointed Director of the University of Michigan Museum of Art in Ann Arbor. Professor Sawyer will assume his duties at the University of Michigan in February, 1957.

The \$400 first prize in the panther sculpture contest sponsored by Adelphi College has been awarded to **Vincent Glinsky** of New York City.

Prizewinners in the **Eighteenth Texas Annual Exhibition**, organized by the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, have been announced as follows: Kelly Fearing, \$1,000; Dickson Reeder, \$650; William Lester, \$500. Other prizewinners in \$300 to \$100 categories were Stephen T. Rascoe, David Brownlow, Ethel Brodnax, Keith McIntyre, Donald L. Weismann, Bror Utter and Cynthia Brants. The exhibition was juried by Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts.

**Bienal do Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo**, 230 Rua 7 de Abril, São Paulo, Brazil.

**Patrick Heron**, ARTS's regular London correspondent, was recently included in Herbert Read's "Critic's Choice" exhibition at Arthur Tooth & Sons in London. He was represented by three new paintings, *Black and White, Vertical* (below), *Summer Painting* and *Garden Painting*. Also exhibited were paintings by Ben Nicholson, Victor Pasmore, William Scott, Terry Frost, Alan Davie and Peter Kinley.



matter plays an important part in this collage, one of 57 works by **Kurt Schwitters** on view Oct. 22 to Nov. 17 at Sidney Janis Gallery, N. Y.



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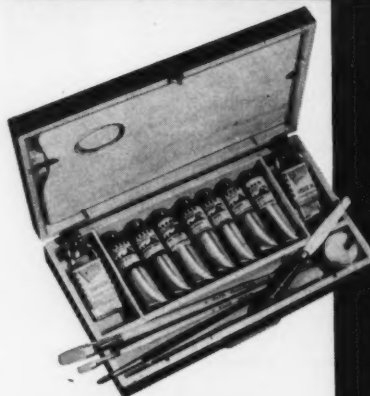
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## SPECTRUM

AT A recent opening one of our press colleagues said with a great conviction, "If Stevenson is elected there will be a real renaissance in the arts." Although his point was primarily a political one, it raises the question of what conditions are necessary for artistic creation and whether or not they exist.

Reviewing the question historically one cannot conclude that either times of ferment or of peace per se breed great art. When Michelangelo, Leonardo, Giotto, Bernini and other Italian Renaissance leaders were creating their masterpieces, there was constant warfare between local rulers, church rivals and the merchant princes. On the other hand, there was a period of relative peace at the turn of the century when the modern masters were revolutionizing art forms.

Economically, too, no ready conclusion can be made. Traditionally people have generalized that the artist, poet, musician and writer must live in poverty. This is utter nonsense when we consider Cézanne who had a comfortable income, Picasso whom we imagine to be extremely wealthy by now, Mendelssohn whose family was of the middle class, or Browning whose father was a banker.

It is apparent then that we must look deeper than international relations and economic conditions for the climate which permits and encourages a renaissance or revolution in artistic concepts.

Although we make no claim to great erudition in the field of history, we believe that one conclusion can be reached. In all periods of artistic upheaval there were concurrent upheavals in other areas of society. The time from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century witnessed the expansion of the world as well as a series of political realignments. The last century was dominated by the industrial revolution and growing urbanism. Our age, like most others, has its stimuli sufficient to enable creative minds to find the challenges they need.

Aristotle said that every man should be able to play the flute—but not too well; he should leave time for other useful pursuits. Michelangelo, Leonardo, Giotto and Bernini fitted into Aristotle's mold. They were artists, architects, engineers and citizens of their communities. Today man is a more specialized animal, and few have the opportunity to be well-rounded personalities proficient in many areas. This is partly due to the increased technical knowledge demanded by most professions, but it is also caused by the pace of modern life.

Finally, we do not consider it necessary for a people to produce a Michelangelo or a Cézanne to have a creative upheaval, renaissance, or even a golden age. An era can only be judged artistically on a comprehensive body of work.

With the foregoing in view, we return to the original question and answer it by saying that no one set of conditions must exist for a renaissance, and that the climate for creative endeavor exists as much today as in past ages. Nevertheless, we do agree that the government could do much more to stimulate and encourage the arts than has been done to date.

During this century many startling new ideas and approaches to art have been brought forth. The word "abstract" has dominated the art world to a large extent, but it can only be used in the broadest sense. No single trend or idea typifies our age. Rather we are in a period of experiment and expansion of horizons—this is our renaissance. It is not a rebirth as much as a new birth.

For many years Americans went to Europe and Asia for culture. We had a national inferiority complex when it came to the arts. Being a relatively young nation with the problem of economic development we lacked the traditions of Europe. It is all the more startling that we could produce men like Blake, Eakins, Homer and Ryder. In Europe Cézanne, Picasso, Van Gogh, Monet and their contemporaries evolved after a long tradition.

With increased transportation and communication the Old World traditions and culture have spread to the Western

Hemisphere. Museum attendance has soared, art classes have become respectably popular, industry embraces art, and art has begun to invade the homes of people from all walks of life. This spread of interest and enthusiasm is a form of renaissance or creative upheaval. It is different from those of other ages because our times require different approaches and our stimuli are different; nevertheless we have joined the renaissance that began a hundred or so years ago in Europe.—J.M.

*The following is a communication from Lloyd Goodrich on ARTS's recent "Open Letter to President Eisenhower":*

To the Editor:

May I congratulate Mr. Marshall and Mr. Rosenberg on their "Open Letter to the President"? It was a strong, frank statement on an issue which involves the whole position of art in a democracy. I am glad to see that it received wide press coverage.

There is no question that the principles set forth in the letter, and in the Statement on Artistic Freedom adopted in 1954 by the trustees of the American Federation of Arts, are subscribed to by an overwhelming majority of the art world. The chief exception is a small group of extreme-reactionary artists who have for years attempted to smear as communistic all art outside their own narrow viewpoint. Many of these artists have a vested interest in maintaining the *status quo* in governmental art activities because they have been the beneficiaries of most governmental commissions for the past decade or more. They have consistently opposed new legislation on the arts, or any broadening of governmental art activities, and have attacked on purely political grounds many of the foremost American artists. They have the ear of a member of Congress on the extreme right, and have for years been feeding him information and misinformation, which he, being quite innocent in matters artistic, has been retailing under the protection of Congressional immunity. These attacks and others like them, although ludicrous to the professional art world, have had a definite effect on both legislative and executive branches. It was fear of such attacks from a small Congressional minority, and their effect on appropriations, that led the United States Information Agency to cancel the two Federation exhibitions. Both the reactionary attacks and the official acts have been based entirely on the artists' alleged political associations, never on their art itself.

As long as the USIA continues its present policy of excluding artists from its exhibitions on purely personal political grounds, these exhibitions will necessarily omit many leading American artists, thus presenting to the world an incomplete and distorted picture of contemporary American art. More than historical exhibitions, the rest of the world is interested in seeing our contemporary creation; and it is the latter which gives the truest, most convincing picture of the vitality, diversity and freedom of our democratic culture. Conversely, official censorship furnishes solid ammunition to those hostile elements abroad who contend that our government does not practice the freedom it professes.

If official policy would recognize the simple fact that a work of art is judged on its merits and not on the artist's personal opinions or associations, the present impasse would be broken. Such a common-sense policy would secure the wholehearted support of the art world, and make possible a really vital international exhibition program. And I believe that it would prove how baseless is the official fear of a small minority of Congress and of artists. Let us hope that the Administration will soon give serious consideration to adopting such a policy. In this process your "Open Letter" will be of the greatest value.

Lloyd Goodrich  
Chairman, Committee on Government and Art  
New York City

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**AN EXHIBITION** of the original paintings by Ludwig Bemelmans for his "Madeline's Christmas" to be published as a special Book Supplement to McCall's Magazine for December 1956.

Also the original paintings for his book "Madeline and the Bad Hat" to be published for Easter 1957.

And other of his recent paintings.

## HAMMER GALLERIES

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# LONDON

*John Wells and Bryan Wynter*

BY PATRICK HERON

I THINK it is no exaggeration, now, to say that in England there are two centers so far as contemporary painting is concerned: London and St. Ives, Cornwall. Not only are a number of our more important artists resident in St. Ives (or its immediate neighborhood) all the year round—for instance Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, Peter Lanyon, Bryan Wynter, John Wells and Terry Frost—but in the early summer months a number of London painters can always be counted on to turn up, find a cottage, and set to work until autumn drives them back to town. Alan Davie is the most recent of such visitors to this extreme western end of the peninsula.

For these reasons the exhibitions put on all the year round at the best of the local galleries are of unusual quality. In St. Ives the Penwith Society, with headquarters at the Penwith Gallery, is the group of most interest. At their exhibitions one may always find good examples of the latest work by many of the artists I have just named, as well as "invited" works by painters and sculptors from London. There is also always a distinguished showing of pottery: Bernard Leach has lived in St. Ives since 1920. If rather too many works by comparatively unknown younger artists, in the manner of Nicholson and Hepworth, have been shown hitherto, the Penwith Society nevertheless very well justifies the faith placed in it both by the Arts Council, which makes it an annual grant toward expenses, and by its President, Sir Herbert Read. In this short notice I want to limit myself to the painting of two of the exhibitors in this summer's Penwith show—John Wells and Bryan Wynter.

John Wells (born in 1907) is an abstract painter whose acquaintance not only with Nicholson and Hepworth, but also with Naum Gabo (who lived at Carbis Bay, a mile and a half from St. Ives, for five years during the war) has proved of prime importance for his development. Until the end of the war he was a doctor of medicine with a general practice in the Scilly Isles—which lie in the Atlantic off Land's End. But he gave this up in 1945 to devote himself entirely to painting. Between 1945 and 1950, roughly, his work had many of the qualities one associates with the constructivists. It was completely non-figurative, geometric, crystalline, pure in form and cool in color. It was exquisitely precise in execution, and possessed those smooth surfaces and ideal forms that one tended to identify with "abstract art" until the postwar schools of abstract painting began to make their presence felt.

Nevertheless, it is not one more academic abstract painter that one feels one is meeting in the works of John Wells—but rather, a poet of marine experience. The cool, clear whites, grays, blues and blacks, no less than the flying forms in his pictures, convey one immediately seaward. No more passionate an interpreter of cliff architecture could be found. The granite buttresses, pinnacles and cave-windows demonstrate a structural rhythm which, when stated in Wells' sharp, crystalline vocabulary, looks to be in harmony with the forms evolved in aeroplane design. And just as a solid shape resembling the section of an aeroplane's wing, or a bird in flight, is one which may frequently be discovered in Wells' work, so the spirals and parabolas traced in space by the wheeling seagulls may be seen dissecting the more static verticals in one of his cliff abstracts. Here again are the technical restraint, the forms in equipoise, and the cold, sharp purity which were typical of the thirties. Yet this is no mere recapitulation, as I have suggested. Everything Wells does registers the Cornish world of white, ocean-reflected light, streamlined contours of rock erosion, and the visible patterns of movement in air and water.

Of his actual textures, his surfaces of painted hardboard scraped and scratched so that underpainting in a different color shows through (reminding us of stone showing through weather-worn whitewash or cementwash), it is easy to say that they echo Nicholson's equivalent qualities. Yet the differences are more important than the similarities. Nicholson always builds with rectilinear or curved components. Wells builds with triangles. Nicholson attempts to defy all illusionism. Wells creates in every painting a sense of the aerial, the infinitely distant. His geometric symbols, often slightly reminiscent of Klee, always hover in an essentially atmospheric space; a limitless, vibrant depth surrounds them. Latterly, a fascinating double image, along with rounder silhouette forms, has often appeared in his work—that is, a series of rock outlines interpenetrate, and, in their overlap, suddenly an approximately human form materializes. His non-figurative work has been shown at Durlacher's in New York; but these more ambiguous "double" images have barely been exhibited, as yet, outside Cornwall. They signify that double existence which not a few of our abstract artists seem to be leading these days, alternating between the classical pleasures of non-figuration and the more romantic particularities involved in so many forms of representation. The constant element is the personality of the artist himself.

BRYAN WYNTER (born 1915) is a painter of an altogether different tradition and outlook. He first made his name in London, in 1946, with an exhibition at the Redfern Gallery of Cornish monotypes. These were romantic landscapes allied to the Sutherland of the early Pembroke watercolors and to the earlier Keith Vaughan, it seemed to me. The fantastic rock forms, the sheep skulls, the cromlechs and the gaunt, spiky twigs of dead hawthorn or gorse which inhabit the high moors behind St. Ives were his subject matter. He was a consummate designer who merged illustrational romantic techniques with cubist devices, a firm design with images that were purely surrealist.

All that, however, is now well in the past. A long pilgrimage away from the exquisite gouache, the brilliant graphic illustrational vision and the "poetic" world of the English landscape painter, through a toughening cubist period when still life tended to oust landscape, has led at last to a type of non-figurative painting that owes a great deal to the arrival, in our English consciousness, of American abstract expressionism. Without last year's American exhibition at the Tate Gallery it is doubtful whether Bryan Wynter's new works would have advanced quite so rapidly to the point they have now reached—I'm writing in late August. Wynter himself places the beginning of this new development in his painting in February of this year. All one can add is that, that being so, this personal revolution of the last six months constitutes one of the most exciting events in British painting in 1956.

*continued on page 73*

*Bryan Wynter, untitled painting.*





## TWO EXHIBITIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS

### I: Impressionism at Mount Holyoke

BY SUZANNE BURREY

"PERHAPS the difficulty," wrote Theodore Robinson, "is to distinguish between the frank putting down of things and mere spottiness." One of the few American artists to seek out impressionism in its original fervor—through his close association, in fact, with Claude Monet—Robinson with his high-keyed Giverny landscapes marks America's embrace of the luminist movement at the turn of the 1890's. Giverny revisited, through a current exhibition at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts, recalls the romance, as well as the problems, that impressionism presented to American artists who were enchanted by the vibrancy and the *plein air* and were, at the same time, grounded in a dark realism.

But a romance without issues would be a romance without substance, and while museums tend to keep nineteenth-century impressionists in separate rooms, segregated by nationality, Mount Holyoke's exhibition mingles French and American works in a much looser manner, and freely past the century mark—and poses the comparisons anew. Something like what the wines of California are to the wines of Bordeaux—a matter of transplanted vines bringing out a different bouquet—was the immediate effect of impressionism on our native soil. And, unlike the grape, which continues to thrive gloriously in France, there may be even more survival value to the luminist movement here and now. Certainly, as any tourist who has been disappointed in the Louvre's Orangerie knows, we have the prize collections.

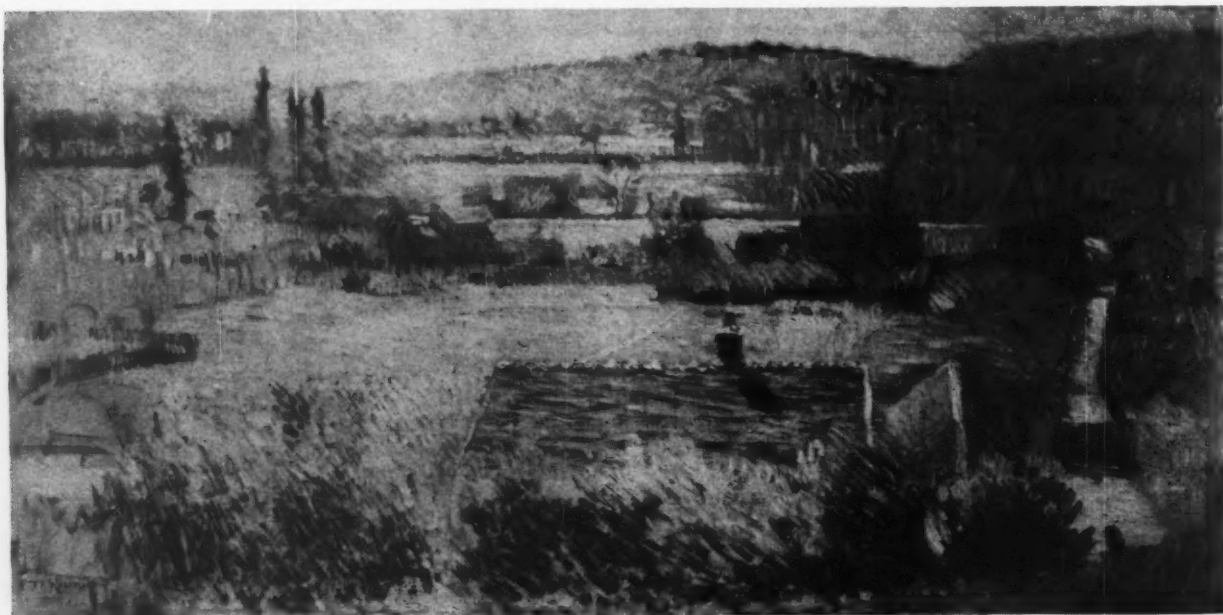
What small town in France could assemble canvases of a quality comparable to the twenty-six French ones in this show—many of them from the immediate vicinity? Supplemented by a few loans from New York galleries, the Mount Holyoke exhibition has been drawn mostly from New England sources: from the Lyman Allyn Museum, New London, a Bonnard *Winter Scene* and Boudin's *View of Deauville*—a penetrating though sketchy fragment; from the Springfield Museum, a handsome still life by the impressionist patron Caillebotte, *Game Birds*

and *Lemons*, and a dazzling example (1893) from Monet's *Haystack* series, plus Pissarro's well-placed *Factory near Pontoise*; from Yale, Degas's *Horses with Jockeys*, Cézanne's *La Maison blanche*; and, from the furnishings of the president's house at Smith College, freshly cleaned, glowing rose-blue, poppy-red with poplars graceful as smoke clouds, Monet's *Champs de coquelicots*. Not as sheer as two others in the show, the *Haystack* and, even more, the *Grand Canal, Venice*, with a piling shimmering in the foreground, loaned by the Boston Museum, the *Champs* has a deep textural and structural consistency from the closest vantage point. It was this Champs period rather than the later Rouen and final water-lily phase of Monet that Robinson was acquainted with, for he left Giverny in 1892 and died, in his early forties, in 1896. In its measured way, Robinson's *Wedding March*—a procession of bride and groom followed by a small girl and a couple attending, plain French people dressed up in the bright afternoon on a country lane—stands out as a work of considerable integrity. For Robinson, impressionism replaced a tendency toward sentimentality and decoration in his figure studies with shafts of actual sunlight—and bestowed a magic touch.

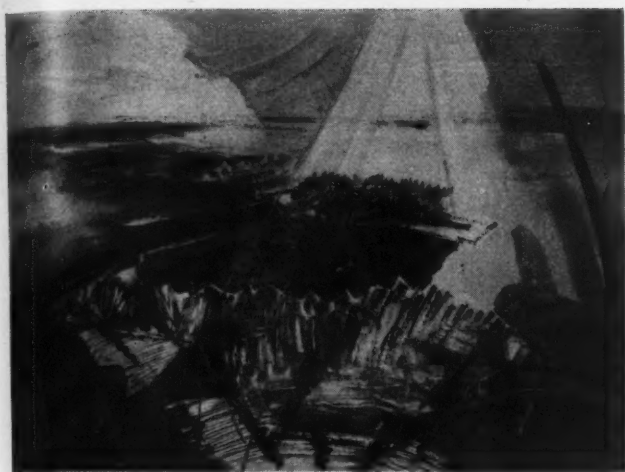
Telling of the relationship between Monet and Robinson, the exhibition also carries impressionism into its later phases (those passingly referred to in the history books that hurry to get to the Armory Show). While Robinson was trying to shake off his luminist leanings when he returned to his native Vermont and took up American subjects, Childe Hassam (for all the exoticism of his name, also of New England stock) carried on with greater facility and more recognition; and John Henry Twachtman, who was to die prematurely in 1902, reached greater heights. Twachtman's *Winter Silence*, from Amherst's collection, is a first-rate painting. Freed rather than prescribed by the event of the luminist movement, Twachtman saw beyond a doctrine of color, optical tricks, or the surface of nature, and, with a gentle but firm grasp upon a lightened palette, seems to belong with the impressionists on the deepest level. He shares these qualities with the French masters: the identifying of a landscape, the time of year, the time of day, the feel—even the humidity—of the atmosphere. He is as accurate with the Eastern American woods as Pissarro was with the *Factory at Pontoise*—or the English-born Sisley with *Winter on*

continued on page 70

Theodore Robinson, *SPRING IN GIVERNY*; at Mount Holyoke. Lent by James Graham & Sons, Inc.







Left, above, **Thomas Blagden**, *ISLANDS TO THE FAR HORIZON*, winner of the Berkshire Art Association Purchase Award. Below, **Virginia Webb**, *BEACH HOUSES*, winner of the Frank Stout Memorial Award.



## II: Berkshire Annual at Pittsfield

BY ANITA VENTURA

THE area encompassed by a hundred-mile-radius whose center is Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is startlingly beautiful in mid-October. The land insists that alizerin crimson and cadmium red pertain only to trees; cerulean stands for the triangle of a lake glimpsed suddenly in distant ochre. Recognizing its country's present beauty, the Berkshire Art Association's 1956 prospectus notes the changing of the show's schedule from August to October "to tie in with the travel peak during the fall foliage season." But eyes that envision such a tie-in must too long ago have lost their innocence to the ravishments of a local October, must now be too familiar with its abundant beauties to properly estimate their power to beguile. Such natural glory, however, tends to put a cold cast for artifice in a pale New York eye: the stranger needs to be strongly reminded that only God, after all, can make a tree, and that he is called upon to appraise the works of man, specifically those that the Art Association has assembled in Pittsfield from this Berkshire area for its Fifth Annual Exhibition.

This year's annual is an expanded show, both in its intent and in the area it draws upon, which now includes parts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New York. Instead of a three-man jury, or a jury composed of traditionalists and modernists (a system of the past that allowed the artists to indicate submission to one or the other's judgment), this year's sole judge was Perry T. Rathbone, Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. A certain insistence on professionalism is indicated in this acceptance of a single, unmodified nod, especially of one with the authority to withhold the \$50 Mrs. Davis Dunbar Award for sculpture on determining that none of the juror-accepted sculptures was "of sufficient merit to warrant the prize."

A care for "professional" standards of judgment (which I understand to be defined by those who foster them as "enlightened") certainly has something to do with the Art Association's hopes for expansion, and indeed its five-year existence has been marked by indications of a dispute around that very idea; terms such as "academic amateurs," "Sunday painters" and "schizophrenic abstractionists" crop up in conversations and letters-to-the-editor columns to indicate a still uneasy reconciliation of the annual's purposes to the local scene.

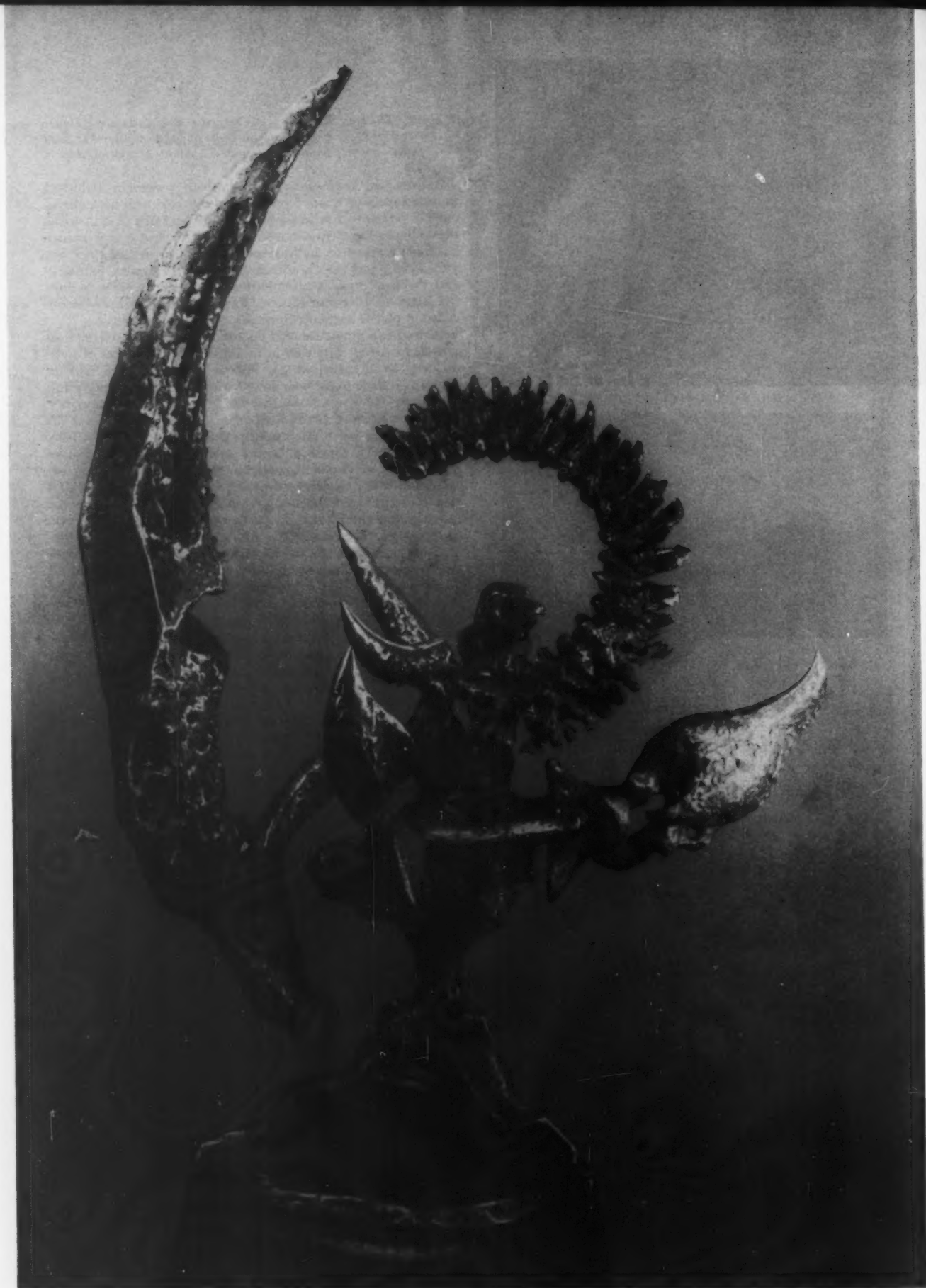
In its beginnings, the Art Association shaped itself against a background already rich in makers and appreciators of local art, and in a setting long attractive to people who look at things as well as to those endowed with the means to enjoy and patronize. The English sculptor Sir Henry Kitson came to the Berkshires when still a young man, "already famous for his work," having been knighted by Queen Victoria and "decorated by Queen Marie of Roumania, who was his very good friend." His eccentric Gingerbread House at Tyringham became, in 1947, a commercial gallery, where shows of local and imported art have been increasingly successful. In nearby Chesterwood, the studio and gardens of Daniel Chester French, sculptor of the Lincoln Memorial and the Minute Man at Concord, are opened to the public each summer. The widely popular Tanglewood concerts have long attracted visitors from all over the country. It is an area that can support the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute at Williamstown, and at Pittsfield the Berkshire County Museum has served, since 1903, the public's interest in art, science and local history.

By 1951, the area held three art groups, each of which held separate, yearly shows. It was then that June and Robert Kimball, writing in the *Berkshire Eagle*, suggested the possibility of a fourth event, a show that "would skim the cream off the three annual ones." Their plan looked forward to a "regional art exhibition which would attract the finest professional painters within our reach, and yet would be open to any skilled amateur who cares to compete." This proposal, quickly accepted and acted upon by strong civic leaders, brought about, in 1952, the First Berkshire Art Association Annual.

The 1956 show only approximates the anticipations of six years ago. The Fifth Annual's extended reach has attracted painters who support themselves by their art or devote their best energies to it. But there is a noticeable absence of paintings from New Haven, for instance, one source within its grasp to which the show must appeal to fulfill its ambitions. About amateurs who "care to compete," one senses that the show, so professionally juried, is not for them; to look at their often homely appreciations of life, other shows would have to be seen. And however selective the juror was (87% of the sculpture was rejected, 79% of the paintings), many of the seventy paintings and six sculptures displayed lack that intensely personal quality that often marks amateur painting at its best and reveal rather a bland acceptance of widely popular styles.

In light of this, the prize-winners seem well chosen. Outstanding among them is Cynthia Reeves Snow of the University of Connecticut. Her oil paintings (*Thaw*, awarded the Roy H. Myers Prize, and *Eve of November*) evoke memories of Turner; they illuminate, in strongly shaped color, vanishing moments in a horizonless nature. Teal McKibbin won the Adolf and Beatrice Berle Award for *Still Life* and an honorable mention for a red *Still Life*, a well-painted depiction, in close-hued color, of watermelons not grown in Tamayo's backyard. Gladys Brodsky Plate's handsome landscape, oil on masonite, recalls Marsden Hartley's treatment of land, hills and sky; her brushwork is more expansive, however, and the light greens, oranges, blue-blacks describe softer forms, not black-lined, and less intense. Her *Fall* won the Williamstown Board of Trade Award. The Frank Stout Memorial Award

*continued on page 70*



*Thorn Blossom*, 1947, steel brazed with nickel silver, 32" by 20" by 19".

# THEODORE ROSZAK: CRAFTSMAN AND VISIONARY

BY MARTICA SAWIN

THEODORE ROSZAK has risen rapidly in the last decade to a position of prominence among American sculptors, and his stature has recently been increased by a major architectural sculpture, the beautiful and unusual bell tower and spire which he designed and executed for Saarinen's chapel at M.I.T. The Walker Art Center and the Whitney Museum have collaborated in presenting not only a large selection\* of the welded steel sculptures on which his reputation is chiefly based, but a long backward glance over the paintings of the artist's formative years and the ingenious constructions which occupied him from 1937 to 1943. It is a strange exhibition in its absolute and clear-cut division into the before and after—actually, the prewar and the postwar (during the war he worked as an aircraft builder and teacher of aircraft mechanics)—and the absence of any intermediate works to mark the transition from the severe geometry of constructivism to the turbulent forms and expressionistic force of his sculptures in steel.

The paintings which cover the years between 1930 and 1947 seem rather extraneous to the exhibition in that they have little or no bearing on the sculptures and are not in themselves of particular interest. They do reveal an artist endeavoring to submerge an essentially romantic bent beneath the discipline of a rigid formality. One might be ready to dismiss them as merely eclectic, save for the fact that each is a serious attempt in a prolonged struggle to resolve on canvas the artist's apparently irreconcilable concern with subject matter and the inclination to pure form. Constructivism provided at least a temporary escape from these difficulties. Roszak had been exposed to Bauhaus theories on his travels to Germany and Czechoslovakia, and in 1938 he became associated with Moholy-Nagy's Design Laboratory in New York. An exciting sense of design and fecundity of imagination distinguish his constructions from the host of similar works produced during these years. The boldness and ingenuity of these inventions as well as the striking dramatization of the forms seem to promise important achievements to come, once the boundaries imposed by constructivism were broken.

The adaptation of industrial welding methods to metal sculpture marks a technical revolution unparalleled in the entire history of art. Still young in terms of years, this new medium in the hands of such artists as Roszak, David Smith and Ibram Lassaw has given rise to a virtually new art with a potential for the future which appears to be without limit. Roszak brings to this medium a strong sense of sculptural tradition and a demand for the unity of form and concept as well as a stupendous craftsmanship, all of which combine to give his work a richness and power lacking in many of the contemporary experiments with welded sculpture. Although the resolution of the conflicting forces which hampered Roszak was long in coming, once the means of synthesis had been established, both through the artist's inner growth and development and through the discovery of his natural medium, the fully realized sculptures of his mature period took shape rapidly, and the flow of new images and new forms has continued unabated from the mid-forties to the present.

A sense of composure is impossible in the midst of these thrusting, aggressive presences which demand the most intense physical and emotional response. There is a menacing, painful aspect to the violent gestures and piercing prongs, particularly

in the bird forms, *Scavenger* and *Sea Sentinel*, or in the terrifying image of *The Spectre of Kitty Hawk*. The violence is also present in the explosive force of the drawings with their impressive scale and wondrous draftsmanship, which has a cold and steel-like quality. This coldness relates in part to the sculpture—it is the bone, not the flesh, which the artist loves, the armed aggressor rather than the vulnerable being, the howl of the *Hound of Hell* and the scream of the bird of prey rather than the tender lyric. Even *Cradle Song* in the tremendous upward thrust of the crescent speaks more of peril than of peace, and *Thorn Blossom*, while suggesting a delicate flower, makes clear that it cannot survive without the protective shield of thorns.

In the same way that many of Roszak's images have a timeless quality—at once echoes of a remote past and harbingers of the future—so the actual material of the sculptures has an ageless look. There is neither shiny newness nor encrusted age, but an appearance of having evolved over a long period of time in an almost organic fashion. They have evolved in this way in one sense, for although the essential structure is predetermined by numerous preparatory designs, the final colors and textures emerge gradually under the welder's torch, as the steel is brazed with copper, nickel silver or bronze to give richly colored, roughened surfaces which suggest the erosion of centuries rather than the processes of modern industry.

The two aspects of Roszak, the craftsman of consummate skill and the romantic visionary, alternately ascendant throughout his career, seem now to have been permanently fused to offer a contribution of the utmost value to American sculpture. Nor does this retrospective exhibition seem in any way to be an end point; rather it points toward growth and innovation on an ever increasing scale.

*Nova No. 1*, 1952, ink on paper, 20½" by 27¼".



\*The exhibition will be on view at the Whitney Museum through November 11, and at the Walker Art Center from December 16 to January 20.



## THE NUDE

*In a comprehensive benefit exhibition, presented at the Wildenstein Galleries, a group of impressive figure paintings retraces the development of the genre.*

**T**HROUGHOUT the month of November New Yorkers will have the opportunity to see a singularly impressive assemblage of figure paintings at the Wildenstein Galleries, where the "Nude in Painting" exhibition presents some fifty masterworks extending from the early years of the sixteenth century to the beginning of our own century and bearing signatures by some of the most renowned artists in the history of European civilization. Lent by museums, galleries and private collectors across the country, the paintings have been brought together in a benefit exhibition the proceeds of which will go to Recording for the Blind.

While the works on display often present a special power



*School of Fontainebleau, FEMME AU LYS ROUGE; courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.*

*School of Fontainebleau, French XVIth century, TEPIDARIUM; courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.*





and beauty that seem to lift them out of historical lines of development, the exhibition as a whole nonetheless offers a broad review of the most classical of formal preoccupations as it develops through four centuries of artistic striving. In the earliest works being shown, two panels by Hieronymus Bosch, the figures in *Heaven* oddly but understandably give the impression that they would be more at home in the companion piece, *Hell*, the usual artistic habitat of the nude throughout the Middle Ages. Though painted at nearly the same time as the two preceding works, Lucas Cranach's *Venus and Cupid* reveals a distinct change in attitude; classical antiquity has reasserted itself, and the nude is now beginning to feel at home on earth—even if there are bees flying about to trouble the honey-stealing Cupid. As the Renaissance advances the naked human body becomes less and less the medieval symbol of shame and frailty. The sixteenth-century Italians glorify the corporeal being of man in mythological scenes, and in France the School of Fontainebleau even dispenses with the pretext of mythology. The human figure in itself has achieved a *raison d'être* in art.

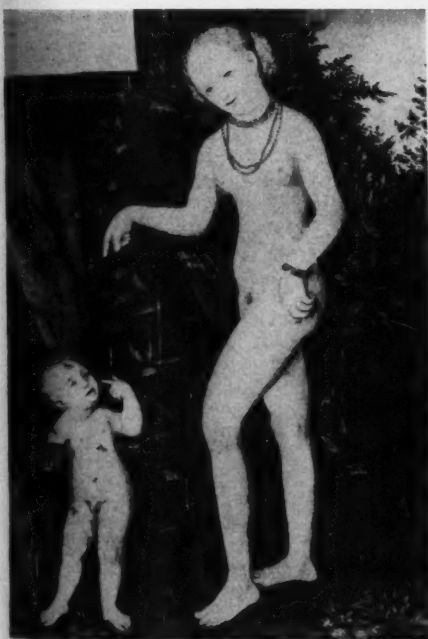
In the current showing, Rubens' *Hygeia* (despite the now appallingly sanitary name) and Poussin's *Rinaldo and Armida* represent highlights of the period preceding the installation of the nude in the painting academies—and the concomitant change in her character from "nude" to "undressed." The disrobed tradition begun by Boucher, Van Loo, Greuze and Fragonard can be seen to persist through the nineteenth century in works by Prud'hon, Couture, Cabanel. Gérôme and Bouguereau, technical triumphs which show an ever-increasing photographic *vraisemblance*, and an ever-increasing slyness.

Meanwhile, in what now seems the vital current in nineteenth-century painting, the nude had known moments of neglect. Delacroix was rarely aware of her appeal; his *Turkish Women Bathing* indicates that even when he admitted the feminine figure to his canvases he was less interested in human forms than in exotic atmosphere. Ingres had been painting the

nude frequently enough, while insisting that she wear the invisible but neutralizing corset of "corrected nature." With Courbet, however, she could again breathe freely and unashamed; and beneath the admiring gaze of Renoir she attained not only hearty acceptance but a virtual apotheosis.

Even as Renoir lovingly painted his opulent forms Cézanne was applying himself before the nude with the same patience and detachment that he brought to jugs and bottles. A new era in painting had begun, a new era of research into form, color and rhythm, and his nudes no longer project a suggestion of either human shame or human glory—except the glory of the painter's achievement. But the nude, though transformed, did not disappear. She even presided over the advent of modern art. The Wildenstein showing includes Picasso's 1906 *Nude with a Girl Holding a Mirror*; the work precedes by only a year his epoch-making *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, demoiselles who are already cubistic but still nude.

**Paolo Veronese**, DIANA AND ACTAEON; loaned by the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia.



**Lucas Cranach (the Elder)**, VENUS AND CUPID; loaned by the New York Historical Society.



**Pierre Bonnard**, THE GREEN SLIPPER; loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Leigh B. Block.



**Paul Cézanne**, NU FEMININ; courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.



# WHO WAS LOUIS SULLIVAN?

*Chicago, appropriately, is celebrating the centenary of Louis Sullivan with an important exhibition at the Art Institute (October 25-December 2), arranged by Edgar Kaufmann.*

BY JOHN McANDREW

NO ONE will dispute that Sullivan was one of our greatest architects. Why does he have such importance? First, of course, because of the intrinsic quality of his buildings. He was uneven, but his less-than-best cannot subtract anything, for an artist is measured not by his average but by his peaks.

Sullivan has a peculiar historical importance also: as the unique link between the architecture of our time and what was respectable in the architecture of the end of the last century. He had been immeasurably stimulated by Richardson's last and least derivative work; much of Sullivan's best thinking was transmitted to Wright; some residue of it in Wright's own form flowed into the mainstream of modern architecture.

Another reason for Sullivan's historical importance is that he was the first to effect a reintegration between the three classic concerns of architecture—commodity, firmness and delight—long cruelly estranged. That premonitious critic, Montgomery Schuyler, saw that he had made an "architecture founded on the facts of the case." Sullivan was the first to accomplish what his most advanced contemporaries were effortfully reasoning their way toward in other parts of the world. No wonder that when he first saw it in Chicago in 1938, Walter Gropius said that had the *avant-garde* in Europe known the Carson-Pirie-Scott Building, the evolution of modern architecture there might have been accelerated by fifteen years.

The real failure of nineteenth-century architecture had been the failure to effect this reconciliation. Architects were trained in special schools or offices while engineers were trained in engineering schools on the other side of town. Schuyler saw that "The architect resents the engineer as a barbarian; the engineer makes light of the architect as a dilettante. It is difficult to deny that each is largely right." The vocabulary of architectural forms was arbitrary, secondhand and obsolete. Most architects had become what E. E. Cummings calls "Gentleman Dealers in Secondhand Thoughts."

In the eighties and nineties there had been important rumbles of dissatisfaction in Europe. Sometimes these were attempts to clear away the litter of dead forms and invent new ones, as in Art Nouveau or the ripe work of Gaudí. But the new shapes, while sometimes sympathetic to their material, were largely determined by the wavings of long decorative lines only rarely related to structure or function, and almost never adequate to dramatize either. Dissatisfaction also became audible as new esthetic theories, loudest, most effective and ruthless from Wagner and Loos in Vienna, who not only saw clearly the dilemmas of the time but were able to attack them energetically (Loos so vividly that Le Corbusier translated him and still writes in his staccato telegraphic style). They welcomed new materials and techniques and lauded the ideal of revealing structure and making it a basis for design. Intellectually they saw the Promised Land, but esthetically, alas, their buildings never got there.

Sullivan was as unfettered by tradition as the men of Art Nouveau, and he could reason and write to rival the Viennese: he was able to isolate basic principles and state them with force, precision, clarity and grace unsurpassed by any writer on modern architecture before or since. *Kindergarten Chats* and *The Autobiography of an Idea* were preceded by an even more penetrating article, *The Tall Office Building Artistically Considered* (1896), wherein he writes, "It is my belief that it is of the essence of every problem that it contains and suggests its own solution. This I believe to be natural law." Once revolutionary, this is now such common creed as to seem a platitude. It developed from Viollet-le-Duc, who had seen architectural design as a series of logical steps proceeding from known conditions to a gradually revealed and inevitable solution and who, like Sullivan, had insisted on the integration of structure and decoration in an age which preferred Gilbert Scott's "architecture is the decoration of construction."

A FEW contemporaries were using forms descriptive of the metal skeleton, but no one before Sullivan was able to lift it out of limbo and clothe it, in both coherent and expressive forms. For this alone his place would be secure. Any coherent form was rare enough in the later nineteenth century, and form which expressed structure was even rarer. Utilitarian works sometimes showed naked construction, but *exhibition* of construction is not the same as *expression* of structure, and Sullivan saw that only the latter has anything to do with architecture.

Sullivan made another important contribution, for he made his tall buildings expressive also of what they were for. Some

Left: Corner entrance to the Carson, Pirie, Scott Building (formerly the Schlesinger-Meyer Building), Chicago; 1899-1904. Right: A view of the entire structure.





## WHO WAS LOUIS SULLIVAN?

have balked at his apostrophizing the tall office building as "a proud and soaring thing" because this was forcing on it an illegitimate spirituality (which led to such fancy nonsense as calling the Woolworth Building "The Cathedral of Commerce"), but "proud and soaring" to Sullivan was not nonsense. Like Whitman he could rhapsodize himself into seeing something grand and good in the booming business which would occupy his buildings. He wrote of Richardson's Marshall Field Building: "Four-square and brown it stands . . . a monument to trade, to the organized commercial spirit, to the power and progress of the age, to the strength and resource of individuality and force of character . . ." Perhaps it is irrelevant that business was not quite what idealistic Sullivan believed; the important fact is that he really felt it and found forms to communicate this feeling. Richardson had synthesized form and content by somehow making his old masonry forms stand for self-reliance, strength and integrity. Sullivan's synthesis was a fuller one, since he found forms which satisfied his needs not only to express the social function of a building but also at the same time to dramatize its actual structure.

**D**ESPITE the fair amount of published and unpublished data on Sullivan, there are still strange gaps in our understanding of him. For example, what caused his dissolution?

*The Guaranty Building, Buffalo, New York; 1895.*





**Gage Building** (at right), Chicago; façade only, 1898.

Though some have kindly tried to deny it, those who knew Sullivan are agreed that something tragic weakened him before he turned fifty, and anyone looking at his work in chronological order will see that something impoverished it around the turn of the century. Thenceforth he was an incomplete architect, fascinating in details and in minor works, but no longer the creator of full-scale integrated buildings.

Why did this happen? One damaging outside circumstance was the lack of big commissions, but one may legitimately ask why he did not get them. It is clear that clients no longer trusted him to carry them out. Why did Carson-Pirie-Scott pass him up for Burnham for the biggest part of their building in 1906 when it was merely a continuation of what he had already built? Why was the Gage Building, for which he had made the handsome façade in 1898-99, given to Holabird and Roche when four stories were added in 1902? Why had he not been commissioned to do the whole building in the first place instead of just a façade on a building being put up by Holabird?

Was it that he was a casualty of the depression which lasted from the panic of 1893 to 1900? No, for he had shown no signs of weakness in the Guaranty Building designed two years after the crash. While it may seem less strong than its prototype, the wonderful Wainwright Building, the reason is that it is a later

design and has been subject to the increasing refinement of parts which Sullivan gave to all his restatements.

Was he perhaps a sort of Van Wyck Brooks case, unable to develop fully in an unsuitable intellectual or artistic climate? Granted that he was sensitive, poetic and romantic and that Chicago was a brisk commercial boom-town which would not have been congenial to a Mallarmé, still Sullivan was more a Whitman than a Mallarmé. He chose to live in Chicago; he liked it; he stayed there; he never complained about it (and we know what a fine Irish gift for invective he had from the exhilarating assaults he wrote on bad architecture!). He got along super-successfully with Chicago's tycoons until 1895. The firm of Adler and Sullivan built about a hundred buildings before that, mostly for Chicago men. Loud and coarse-fibered as much of Chicago was, still it was not barren of enthusiasm for the "finer things": witness its music, art collections, library and even its World's Fair of 1893, "McKim, White & Gold's" flashy version of imperial Rome (which turned out much more like the Victor Emmanuel Monument and the paper projects for the Prix de Rome). Sullivan rightly feared that the Fair might set back progressive architecture for fifty years, but it did not blight everyone. Young Frank Lloyd Wright was able to keep prosperously busy in Chicago until 1911. All these and similar

## WHO WAS LOUIS SULLIVAN?

circumstances made things harder for Sullivan, but I cannot believe that they made him an architectural Ishmael: that came from inside. We know that later he was poignantly unhappy, and took to drink and drugs. My father, who knew him in his last years, spoke of him as "wounded."

It is not any of our business to pry into his private life—tragic, murky, well-shrouded—if just for curiosity. But inasmuch as Sullivan was one of our greatest artists, we may ask what brought about the devolution of his art.

Few are now alive who knew him well enough at the time to be able to say what was happening to him. George Elmslie remained in his office longer than anyone, through many of the darkest years, but he, quite understandably, would never discuss his master's inner tragedy, though by silence he assented that there had been one.

Perhaps the trouble was that Sullivan was not quite a complete man, and that he needed association with someone stronger to realize his genius. One can perhaps see the roots of this trouble in the *Autobiography*, not so much from what is in it but from what is left out. In the poetic evocation of his youth, as he chose to reinterpret it at sixty-five, it is curious how rarely he mentions his father, a dancing-master, and offers no explanation why he was not brought up at home but shipped off to his grandparents. Although when he moved to Chicago his parents were living there, he ignored them. He seems to have been virtually fatherless.

He found a gratifying substitute for a father, however, in a warm and admirable older man, Dankmar Adler, who gave him a job and—sensing his potential gifts—made him a partner at twenty-five. Would Sullivan's unique ability to give esthetic form to mechanical structure have developed so forcefully had he not been working daily with this solid and sympathetic engineer? Sullivan had not had it before, and he lost it after the association was ended. The best productions of the firm were greater than the sum of its parts, for neither Adler nor Sullivan was ever so accomplished alone.

When Sullivan was thirty, successful, and just about to become a truly important architect, there came into his office, with the uncannily precise instincts of a homing pigeon, the young Frank Wright. Soon Sullivan was strengthened not only by his adoptive father but also stimulated by vicariously becoming a sort of father to the young genius, not yet twenty. Wright in some of the sunniest pages of his autobiography tells us how he was welcomed and befriended by Sullivan, and how they talked and talked architecture into the night, how they went to the same concerts and read the same books. They saw and thought and felt so much in harmony that the younger man was soon entrusted with all of the houses and much other designing. Wright gives us the best picture we have of a happy Sullivan at the height of his powers, and generously tells how much the companionship meant to him. We can only suppose that it meant as much to Sullivan; it may have meant more, for Wright was already self-reliant and self-sufficient—and Sullivan was neither.

**T**HE great period of Sullivan's career—and it must not be forgotten that he was for a while the most important architect in the world—was quite short. The financial crash and his break with Wright both came in 1893: Wright had to begin to make his own way in order to care for his growing family. The break with Adler came in 1895 as a result of the depression: Adler too had to support a family. The Guaranty Building in Buffalo, built in 1895, was the last work of the firm and Sullivan's last major building.

However, if one makes that claim, what about the Carson-Pirie-Scott Store? Here I wish to suggest a rearrangement in the order of Sullivan's work. We know that in 1891 the Schlesinger and Mayer Co., predecessors of Carson's, commissioned Adler and Sullivan to design a new front for their mixed cluster of store buildings and that the project was dropped after the panic of 1893. In 1899 they asked Sullivan, now

alone, to make a small new building at the end of the site, on Madison Street. In 1902 he was asked to continue this along Madison and around the corner on State Street, following the design already built except for the actual corner, where they specified a tower to perpetuate a familiar landmark on their old building at "the busiest corner in the world." In 1904 the store was taken over by Carson, Pirie and Scott, and they soon had Burnham, not Sullivan, add to it on State Street, following the design already established by Sullivan.

Between 1891 when the first commission came and 1899 when the determined design is commonly supposed to have been made, there was a very clear morphological evolution in the façades of Sullivan's tall buildings, from the robust Wainwright of 1890-91 toward something ever thinner and lighter, with more emphasis on slender, linear, directional verticals, and also more emphasis on ornament, increasingly independent of the structure. This is easy to see from the Wainwright to the Guaranty to the Bayard Building (in New York) ending in the elegant Gage façade of 1898-99. The tower of Carson's, surely designed in 1902, fits into this evolution perfectly, but the main façades of the building do not. They are neither linear nor vertical, but are made of a quiet, simple, directionless sheathing of a straightforward metal frame. There is almost no ornament except for the extravagant floriation of metal around the show windows at the bottom. It is easy to accept the tower and the virtuoso metal as designs made soon after the Gage façade: the rest looks like Sullivan's more restrained early work. It is comfortable as a contemporary of Root's monumental Monadnock Block of 1890-91, which we know Sullivan admired and which may even have influenced him here toward a similar bareness. I propose that the main scheme of the Carson-Pirie-Scott Building is an adaptation of what Sullivan had made as a first project in 1891, just after the Wainwright Building and just before the Meyer Building (a cheaper version of the Carson design), when Sullivan was at the very pinnacle of his powers, buttressed by Adler and stimulated by Wright. The revealing of structure in Carson-Pirie-Scott's (as in the Meyer Building) is franker than in any of Sullivan's later work, and may benefit from the discipline and emphasis on structure which came from Adler. The calm horizontality suggests association with Wright, whose contemporary Charnley and Winslow Houses have similar character in their fenestration, and whose façade for the Luxfer Prism Co. (1895) seems more easily to follow Carson's than precede it. We know that Wright worked on both the Wainwright and Meyer Buildings, just before and after the 1891 project for Schlesinger-Mayer, with which we may suppose that he was also involved. Wright made all the drawings for the Meyer Building, significantly the most horizontal of all Sullivan's metal-frame buildings. At this time Wright seems to have been just as horizontal-minded as Sullivan was vertical. Wright was also much more concerned with sequences of planes set in depth. The little loggia of his Charnley House, not flush with the façade plane but both in front and behind it, could be a forerunner of the recessed roof-terrace loggia atop Carson's. Sullivan typically liked to work with the large flat surfaces of one simple block, dramatically drawing on them in low relief synopses of some of the structural activity within. Wright, however, from the beginning showed his virtuosity in manipulating many planes so that together with the spaces between them they would make new, personal and very three-dimensional compositions.

This does not mean to say that young Wright designed major parts of the building, but only that had he not been there in constant lively communion with Sullivan, Sullivan might have done it differently. I believe that the same applies to Adler, and am convinced by this and by the evolutionary stage of the forms that the basic design of the Carson Store was determined far more in 1891 than in 1899. If true, this would make Sullivan's three great prototypal ideas all fall within two intense years: 1890-91—Walker Building, Wainwright Building, Carson-Pirie-Scott's. Then he was at his height, and at his height





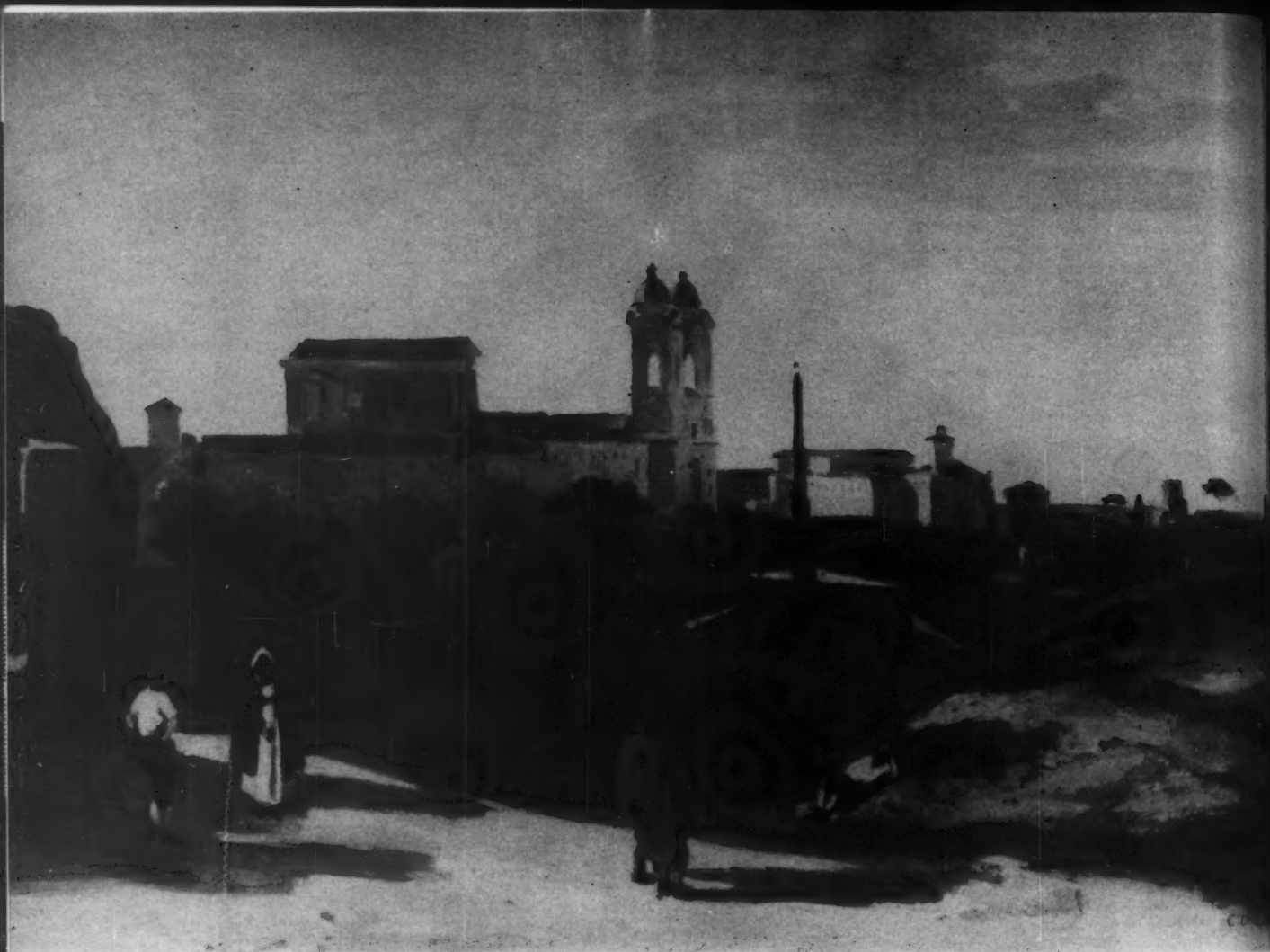
**Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Missouri; 1890-1891.**

he was the greatest living architect.

This is not to belittle his later work. Because it is not up to his superlative best does not mean that it is negligible. The best is either a legitimate refinement of his own earlier ideas, or a further exploration of possibilities inherent in his own extraordinary ornament. In his two houses (1907, 1909) he submitted, surprisingly, to the influence of Wright, who had already become the leading domestic architect in the world. Up to about 1909 Sullivan could still hold his own with anyone anywhere—except Wright. He was still able to produce good

architecture, though he did not any more create it. His was not, then, a long slow growth. He was a comet.

Author's Note: Much of the material in this is drawn from Hugh Morrison's standard biography of Sullivan and from Grant Manson's unpublished Harvard thesis on the early work of Wright. The conclusions, however, are my own. In connection with the Chicago exhibition a new photographic study by John Szarkowski, *The Idea of Louis Sullivan* (University of Minnesota Press, \$10.00), has just been published.



Rome. La Trinité des Monts (1826-28); collection of the Art Institute of Chicago.

## THE SPECIAL VISION OF COROT

*On display at the Paul Rosenberg Galleries,  
his works present nature under a unique aspect.*

**F**ROM November 5 to December 1 the Paul Rosenberg Galleries will present one of the significant shows of the New York season, a comprehensive exhibition of works by Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot. On loan from collections across the nation, the more than thirty paintings comprising the show include a number of the most famous examples of the French master's work to be found on this continent.

What the exhibition immediately makes clear is the inadequacy of the still-repeated formula which identifies Corot's importance solely with the silvery and vaporous landscapes of Ville d'Avray, Mortefontaine and Fontainebleau. The Ile-de-France strain in his work, represented in the current showing by *The Church at Rosny*, continues to exercise a powerful appeal, but other strains, and notably the Italian, have come into recognition. Duncan Phillips has written, "For me the great Corot was at his best in his early, sunny studies of landscape in and around Rome. It was there and then that his revered classic tradition became naturalistic and intimate." The present exhibition stresses the Italian landscape in a

**Portrait of Mlle Jeanne F. (1863-64);**  
collection of Mrs. Mark C. Steinberg.

series of superlative canvases—*View from the Farnese Gardens, Rome, Monte Pincio, View of Naples and Genzano.*

The Italian landscapes owe their power to the Mediterranean sun, which prompted Corot to his strong but yet sensitive contrasts of light and shade; in comparison his Ile-de-France paintings at times verge upon the slack. But both French and Italian landscapes hold a fascination that derives from the artist's special vision, a vision that required an effect of distance in the foreground of a picture. The painter was fully aware of his mode of observing nature, but hardly aware of its singularity. One day George Moore, looking over the elderly Corot's shoulder, confessed that he could find nothing in the landscape before them to correspond with the composition on the easel. "My foreground," the artist explained, "is a long way ahead." The mysterious "remote-and-near" impression in his paintings was achieved simply, inevitably. But pulling a distant point of the landscape into the foreground of a picture resulted in a lack of "finish" in details, a characteristic that drew down the thunder of academic critics—and also occasioned an observation by Baudelaire: "... there is a great difference between a piece that is *created* and a piece that is *finished*—in general what is *created* is not *finished*, and something that is very *finished* can be not *created* at all." And the poet-critic adds, "Monsieur Corot paints like the great masters."



**Rosny. L'Eglise du Village (1844);** collection of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Wescott.





## THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY

*Alertly alive to the art of today, the Buffalo museum displays a flexibility usually possible only for private collections.*



**French:**  
SAINT GORGON;  
painted wood (between 1480 and 1520).

A MUSEUM as venerable as the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, the third oldest permanent art gallery in the United States, might well be pardoned if it were to dwell rather fondly on the past, if it were to lean heavily on notable achievements that date from a time when most of the art institutions on this continent had not even come into being. Yet the Albright Gallery—which, with the Albright Art School, makes up the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy—does not yield to the natural temptation; it lives very decidedly in the present. Among American museums it is known particularly for the stress it lays upon contemporary art, as well as for the programs it has evolved to bring the satisfactions of art into the life of its community today. What it merits is not the indulgence commonly extended to a venerable institution, but rather the respect due a vigorous organization that is effectively enriching the life of the city in which it is integrated.

Though overshadowed by current achievements, the history of the museum is nonetheless a distinguished one. The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy was founded in 1862 (in America only Boston and Philadelphia can claim longer-established galleries). Twenty-six eminent citizens banded together "to promote and cultivate the fine arts, and to that end to establish and maintain in the City of Buffalo a permanent art building, or buildings, and collections of paintings, sculpture, engravings, and other works of art, an art library, and art schools adequately equipped and having courses of instruction and practice, and generally to foster art in all its branches." Thirteen subscriptions of \$500 each formed the first funds, and the formal inauguration of the Academy was celebrated with music and poems composed for the occasion. Early associated with the Academy was the artist Albert Bierstadt, whose *Capri*, still on view at the museum, was presented by him in 1863. But the most important single impetus for the young organization was provided by the painter Lars G. Sellstedt, who initiated, sustained and recorded a great part of Buffalo's art activities for more than half a century. Appointed Superintendent of the Academy in 1863, he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the duties of this position for twenty-six years.

In its early days the Academy had to content itself with a series of almost haphazard quarters. In 1887, however, it found a home in the Buffalo Library, where it remained for eighteen years. In 1900 there came what must be regarded as the turning point in the life of the institution: John J. Albright pre-

sented the Academy with a new building to be erected on land owned by the City Parks Department overlooking Delaware Lake. Designed in neo-classic style by the Buffalo architect Edward B. Green, and built of white Maryland marble, it ranks as one of the most harmonious of its type in the country. Dedicated on May 31, 1905, the new building was called the Albright Art Gallery in honor of the donor. Today the occasion seems enveloped in a rich "period aura." The ceremonies were performed by Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University, who delivered an address on "Beauty and Democracy." Special poems, once again, and a full chorus graced the event, and the attendant Inaugural Exhibition, according to the *New York Herald Tribune*, contained "many of the finest paintings owned in America" and was "worth coming from New York to see." At the same time an endowment of \$100,000 from Buffalo citizens was announced.

*continued on page 34*

**William Hogarth:**  
THE LADY'S LAST STAKE;  
oil on canvas (1759).



**Peter Paul Rubens: SAINT GREGORY, THE POET (1620).**



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THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY



**George Romney:**  
LADY HAMILTON READING A NEWSPAPER.



*Winslow Homer, CROQUET PLAYERS (1865).*

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**Gordon Mackintosh Smith** is now entering his second year as Director of the Albright Art Gallery. He was born in Reading, Pennsylvania. A graduate of Williams College in 1929, Mr. Smith pursued his higher studies in the history of art at the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University. He



spent 1931 and 1932 in travel and study in the museums, private collections and libraries of Europe and the British Isles. Shortly after his return to this country he became assistant regional director for the New England Federal Art Project, WPA, and served in this position until 1941. During the war he served as Chief of the Plans and Intelligence Unit, Camouflage Branch, at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and as project specialist for the Offices of Strategic Services in Washington. He was Director of the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire, for the nine years preceding his appointment to the Albright. In addition Mr. Smith was Chairman of the Art Commission of the City of Manchester, a regional member of the Boston Art Festival Committee for 1955 and a member of the Committee for the Exhibition of Nineteenth-Century French Paintings from American Collections which was held at the Orangerie in Paris in 1955.



THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY



*George Romney:*  
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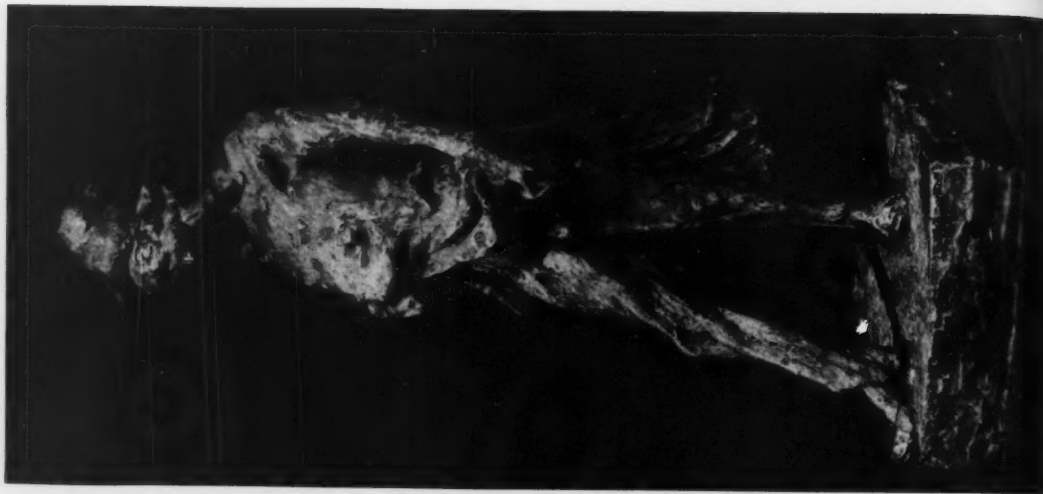
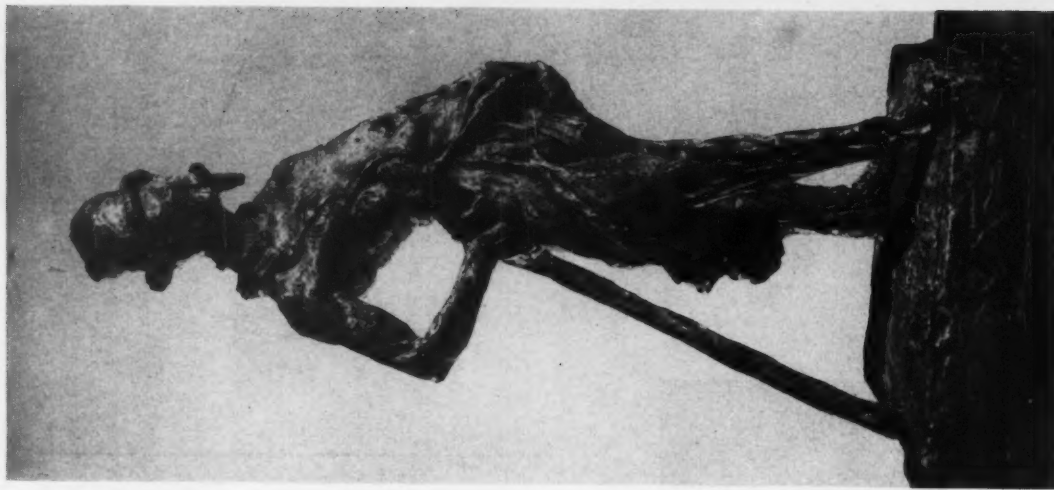
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Within the handsome structure there has been assembled a collection with a distinct character of its own, a collection which for nearly fifty years has been developing according to a definite policy. That policy is not directed toward the most frequent goal of museums, the broadest possible representation of a maximum of cultures. The aim rather has been to acquire outstanding works of art from those cultures where human expression in art has appeared to have reached its greatest levels. As a consequence the permanent collection of the Albright Gallery presents masterpieces rather than "token pieces." In painting, it is particularly rich in examples from the French school—Claude Lorrain, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, Pissarro, Degas, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Seurat, Cézanne, Monet and Vuillard. In its sculpture, however, the collection is even more impressive than in its paintings. Judicious purchases have brought together an extraordinary treasury, pieces that range in origin from Sumerian, Chinese and African to contemporary European and American.

A singularly important feature of the Albright Art Gallery is the Room of Contemporary Art, established before the war through a gift contributed mainly by Seymour H. Knox, President of the Board of Directors. Basic to the undertaking was the idea that the new collection should be sufficiently flexible to permit its improvement by sale or exchange—an advantage usually associated only with private collections. Also basic was the belief that it would offer Buffalo citizens an opportunity to study fine examples of contemporary art over a longer period of time than is usually provided by exhibitions. Thus there have entered the museum, "on probation," works by Afro, Brancusi, Burchfield, Chagall, De Chirico, Stuart Davis, Arshile Gorky, Morris Graves, De Kooning, Lachaise, Léger, Matisse, Modigliani, Mondrian, Henry Moore, Picasso, Soutine and Tanguy. With its Room of Contemporary Art, the Gallery recognizes a responsibility, beyond the display of art which has passed the test of time, to provide the public with the opportunity to know and enjoy the art of today.

*continued on page 36*

At left and below:  
**Honoré-Victorin Daumier:**  
RATAPOIL (c. 1850-1851), plaster.



Below:  
**Edgar Degas:**  
The Ballet Master (c. 1874), wax.



Below:  
Edgar Degas  
1865-1870



## THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY

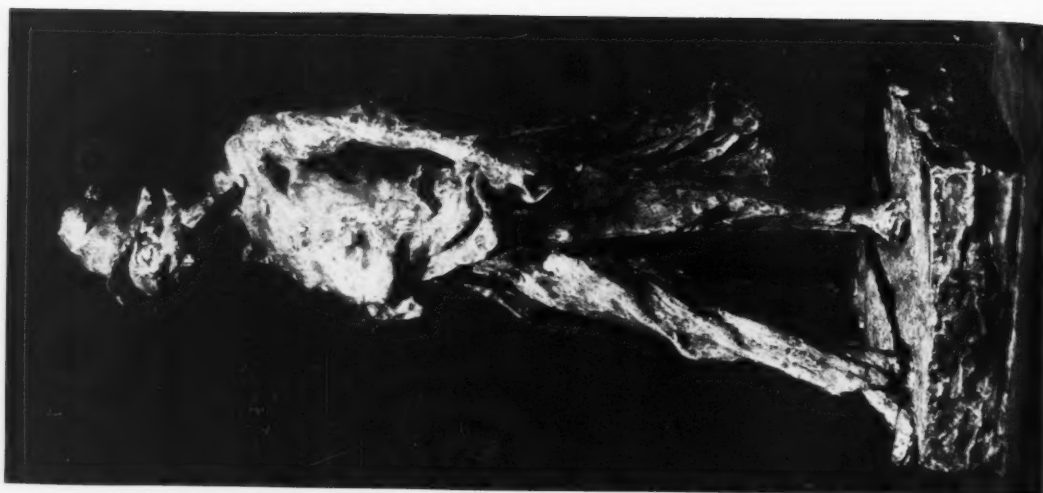
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WHEN the handsome structure there has been assembled a collection with a distinct character of its own, a collection which for nearly fifty years has been developing according to a definite policy. That policy is not directed toward the most frequent goal of museums, the broadest possible representation of a maximum of cultures. The aim rather has been to acquire outstanding works of art from those cultures where human expression in art has appeared to have reached its greatest levels. As a consequence the permanent collection of the Albright Gallery presents masterpieces rather than "token pieces." In painting, it is particularly rich in examples from the French school—Claude Lorrain, Delacroix, Corot, Daubigny, Pissarro, Degas, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Seurat, Cézanne, Monet and Vuillard. In its sculpture, however, the collection is even more impressive than in its paintings. Judicious purchases have brought together an extraordinary treasury, pieces that range in origin from Sumerian, Chinese and African to contemporary European and American.

A singularly important feature of the Albright Art Gallery is the Room of Contemporary Art, established before the war through a gift contributed mainly by Seymour H. Knox, President of the Board of Directors. Basic to the undertaking was the idea that the new collection should be sufficiently flexible to permit its improvement by sale or exchange—an advantage usually associated only with private collections. Also basic was the belief that it would offer Buffalo citizens an opportunity to study fine examples of contemporary art over a longer period of time than is usually provided by exhibitions. Thus there have entered the museum, "on probation," works by Afro, Brancusi, Burchfield, Chagall, De Chirico, Stuart Davis, Arshile Gorky, Morris Graves, De Kooning, Lachaise, Léger, Matisse, Modigliani, Mondrian, Henry Moore, Picasso, Soutine and Tanguy. With its Room of Contemporary Art, the Gallery recognizes a responsibility, beyond the display of art which has passed the test of time, to provide the public with the opportunity to know and enjoy the art of today.

*continued on page 36*

*At left and below:  
Honoré-Victorin Daumier:  
RATAPOM (c. 1850-1851), plaster.*



*Below:  
Edgar Degas:  
The Ballet Master.*

Below:  
Edgar Degas







**George Romney:**  
LADY HAMILTON READING A NEWSPAPER.

32

ARTS/November 1956

*At left and below;*  
**Honoré-Victorin Daumier:**  
RATAPAIL (c. 1850-1851), plaster.



# THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM SCOTT

*Featured in a current showing at the Martha Jackson Gallery  
(through November 17), the work of the English artist  
is evaluated by a compatriot critic.*



**Gordon Mackintosh Smith** is now entering his second year as Director of the Albright Art Gallery. He was born in Reading, Pennsylvania. A graduate of Williams College in 1929, Mr. Smith pursued his higher studies in the history of art at the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University. He spent 1931 and 1932 in travel and study in the museums, private collections and libraries of Europe and the British Isles. Shortly after his return to this country he became assistant regional director for the New England Federal Art Project, WPA, and served in this position until 1941. During the war he served as Chief of the Plans and Intelligence Unit, Camouflage Branch, at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and as project specialist for the Offices of Strategic Services in Washington. He was Director of the Currier Gallery of Art in Manchester, New Hampshire, for the nine years preceding his appointment to the Albright. In addition Mr. Smith was Chairman of the Art Commission of the City of Manchester, a regional member of the Boston Art Festival Committee for 1955 and a member of the Committee for the Exhibition of Nineteenth-Century French Paintings from American Collections which was held at the Orangerie in Paris in 1955.



## THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY

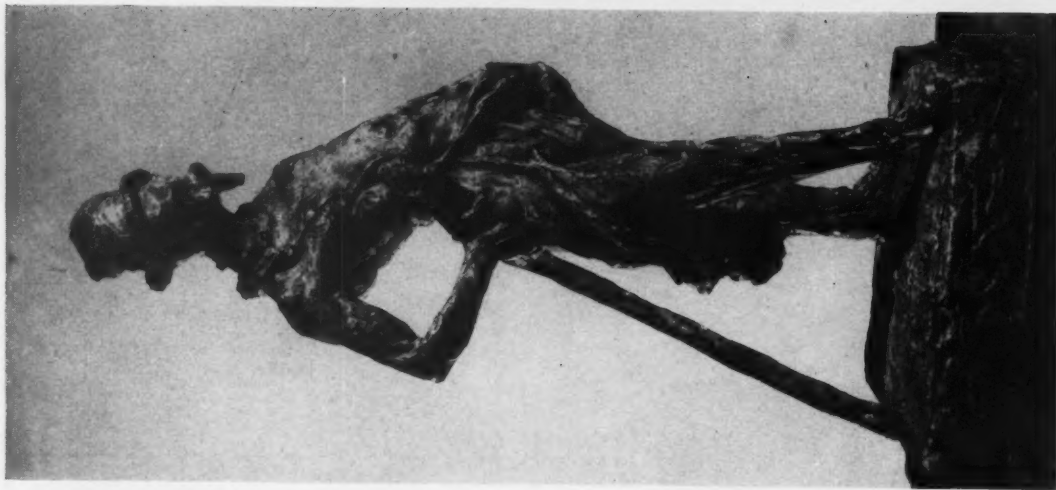
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*continued on page 36*

*At left and below:  
Honoré-Victorin Daumier;  
BATAPOIL (c. 1850-1851), plaster.*

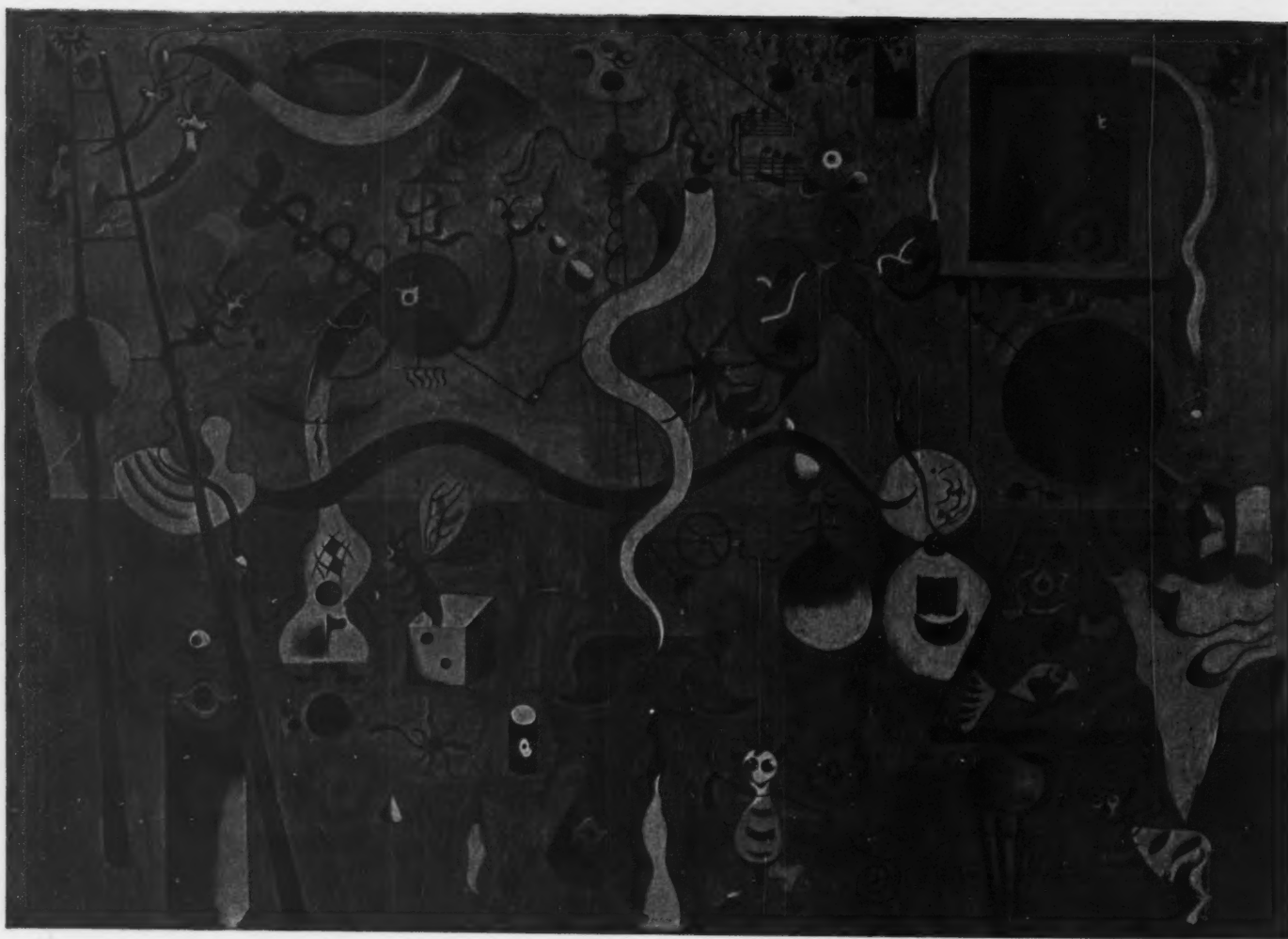


*Below:  
Edgar Degas;  
MME ROSE CARON.*



*Below:*  
**Edgar Degas:**  
MME ROSE CARON.





**Joán Miró:**  
THE HARLEQUIN'S CARNIVAL (1924-1925).

## THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY

*continued from page 34*

The achievements of the Albright are in great measure due to a succession of energetic directors. In the early decades of this century the Gallery had, in the person of Cornelia Bentley Sage, the first woman art director of an important museum in the country, and one who was made a member of the French Legion of Honor for her activity in bringing French artists of the day to the notice of America. The roster of distinguished administrators who succeeded her includes William M. Hekking, Gordon Bailey Washburn, Andrew C. Ritchie and Edgar C. Schenck. An initial year of service indicates that the new Director, Gordon Mackintosh Smith, will contribute notably to the tradition of forceful and astute direction.



**Arshile Gorky:**  
THE LIVER IS THE COCK'S COMB  
(1944).

# THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM SCOTT

*Featured in a current showing at the Martha Jackson Gallery*

*(through November 17), the work of the English artist*

*is evaluated by a compatriot critic.*

BY BASIL TAYLOR

YOUNG painters, those who have emerged since the war, that is, have recently commanded a superstitious regard among English dealers and critics, claiming more attention than mature artists whose careers had begun before 1939. Writing on the visual arts is also directed by those issues which are topical, so that a new realism or the influence of action painting forms as powerful a focus of criticism as neo-romanticism did ten years ago.

I have begun these notes on William Scott in this way because I want to indicate that he is taken for granted in England rather than given the detailed and constant attention he has for many years deserved; he is still, in my view, an underrated artist, because he has never belonged to the immediately provocative tendencies. Being now forty-three he belongs to an intermediate generation located between those like Moore or Nicholson who came to a first maturity in the thirties and those whose work has been special to the fifties. He spent the thirties being a student and living abroad, he was not a war artist in the official sense of the term, and he has not been one of the painters most earnestly sponsored by the British Council. The painting which English criticism most happily interprets is either that which can be communicated in literary terms, that of a Sutherland or a Bacon for example, or that which stems from some definite philosophy of art like Nicholson's and Pasmore's. Scott's painting cannot be written about in these terms; he is in no sense a literary painter, and he does not belong to any of the established traditions or movements in twentieth-century art—but equally he is not an eccentric. He has not written or said much about his work for the good reason that it cannot be ideologically explained ("What matters to me in a picture is the indefinable"). And neither he nor his method is a "good" subject for personal portraiture.

Scott was born in Scotland, brought up in Northern Ireland and received his first training at the Belfast College of Art, from there going to the Royal Academy Schools like another English artist of a similar independence and constancy, Ivon Hitchens. He lived in France and Italy between 1936 and 1939 and after war service became Senior Painting Master at the Bath Academy of Art—a post which he has just relinquished. (The Bath Academy, or "Corsham" as it is often called, has been the most exciting and interesting English school of recent years, and Scott has had on the staff such distinguished colleagues as Kenneth Armitage, Bernard Meadows, Peter Lanyon, Terry Frost, Bryan Wynter and the potter James Tower.)

He was trained initially as a sculptor, and although I shall return to this aspect of his art later, the fact seems to me immediately significant. It meant, I believe, that his response to the human figure and to the matter of drawing was more intense and positive than that of many painters who come to it through the often dispiriting and uninformative routines of school life-drawing as it is commonly taught—routines which seldom lead to any appreciation of the plasticity of form. I believe, though this is necessarily a more debatable point, that Scott's early residence in France was equally important and indicative. He is the most profoundly French of living English artists, and here I must be careful to explain my meaning. Other English artists have followed French modes of style and

feeling more directly, have painted explicitly like Cézanne or Matisse, Braque or Rebeyrolle, have deliberately tried to work in a French accent. Scott's work however has consistently shown pictorial qualities and values which we associate with French art but which lie beneath matters of style or idiom or manner. He has never been a picturesque painter, not just because he has avoided obviously picturesque subject matter, but because he has never displayed the pattern, structure and order of things in a crudely obvious manner. His eggs, at the time when he was painting them, were oval as Cézanne's tree trunks were cylindrical. Ovalness was a principle informing their structure so to speak, their "Ur-form," to use Goethe's phrase, and not a shape forced upon an object to give it a pictorial role and relevance.

I suggested to him in conversation that the reason for the picturesqueness of so much English art was the extremely seductive and richly patterned environment in which so many English painters, particularly landscape painters, had been reared and whose easy charm they had never managed to escape. Scott's childhood surroundings in Scotland and Ireland were very different. "I was brought up in a gray world, an austere world; the garden I knew was a cemetery, and we had no fine furniture." He said that he found in illustrations of English scenery a world which fascinated him. This perhaps helps to explain why his images are made rather than discovered ready-made or transcribed. It may also explain the austerity of his subject matter. The human figure whether nude or draped is discovered in conventional postures; still lifes are composed of common objects, kitchen utensils, eggs, fish, vegetables, occasionally flowers, placed on a table of the most severe anonymity in a bare room with perhaps a curtainless window; his occasional landscapes display the elements of nature rather than those particular localities with a special *genius loci* which have attracted a Nash or a Sutherland, a Hitchens or a Lanyon. Recently this material has grown more elemental, but also more peculiar to himself, conforming more to his own formative instincts, becoming less and less a part of anyone else's kitchen. His choice of traditional themes which countless European artists have worked over for centuries has been quite deliberate. Avowedly he enjoys the challenge posed by such subjects because the problem of renewal is all the more intense.

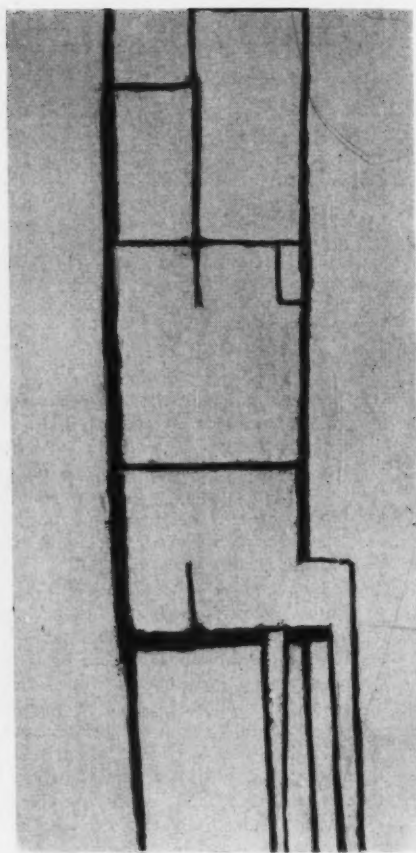
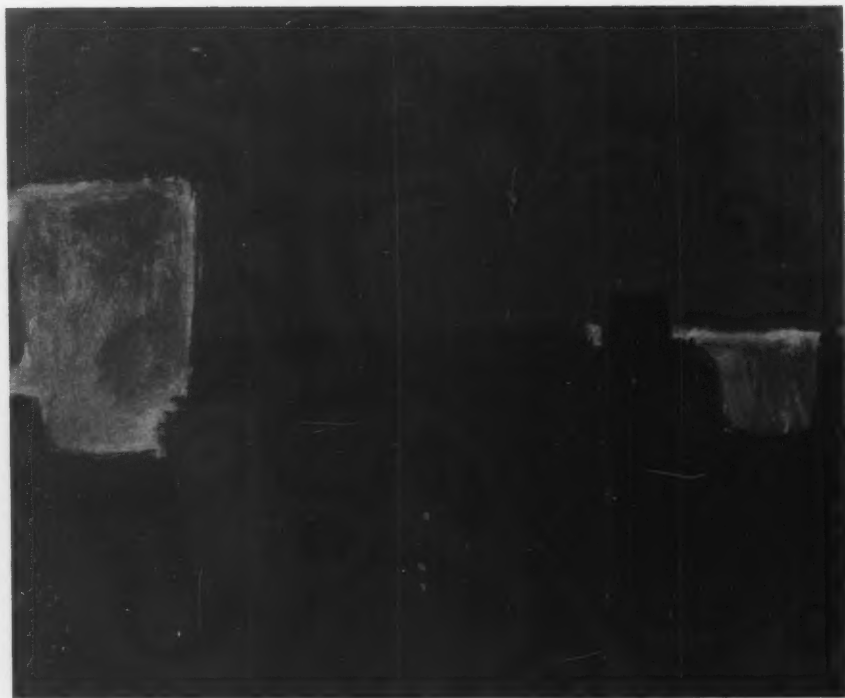
It is significant that an early influence upon his work was the painting of Corot; the two men have many pictorial habits in common. There is that extreme simplicity of conception which gains its force from a direct and unassuming technique, a generous and yet reserved handling of pigment, a grave sensuousness of *matière*; there is a delicacy of tone which is never allowed to lose power by becoming too "sensitive"; there is a clarity of outline which preserves a linear exactitude and firmness without losing the quality which comes from drawing with the brush, so that the contour gains energy and tension from the whole width of the stroke; there is a nervous orderliness of design which is not the result of any applied rule or theory, but rather the expression of an instinct and a desire for unity instructed by professional experience. He works empirically.

To return for a moment to his subjects, there was a period,



At right:  
**Figure Composition**  
(1956).

**Still Life** (1954).



*Photograph of William Scott by Ida Kar.*

## THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM SCOTT

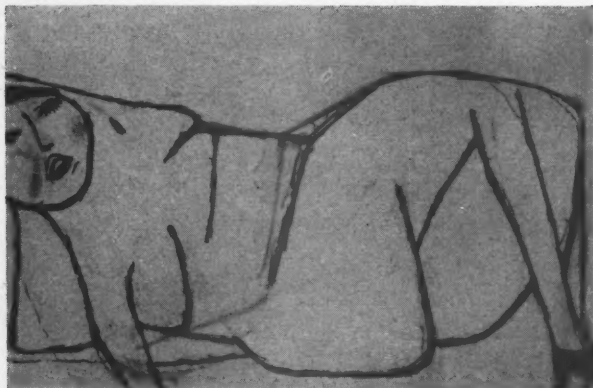
during the war, when a romantic view of things possessed him. Then his figures acquired something of the pathos and loneliness to be discovered in the Blue Period of Picasso. I recall a picture of a soldier and his girl in a railway compartment. It was very evocative of such occasions and of the particular circumstances of blacked-out wartime travel, but what was so striking at a moment when Moore and Sutherland were presenting their explorations of the ominous mysteries of the time was its plain pictorial clarity. Scott does not anticipate any return to work of this nature, but it provides an apt example of his relationship to topical mood, his habit of reflecting it without the surrender of his constant personal vision. More recently the surfaces of his pictures have in sympathy with other painting become more forthright, but the paint has not become in itself the image.

Scott's method of working is appropriately direct. He does not make preparatory drawings, though a series of pictures may, as in the case of the recent figure paintings, be related to drawing. Drawing is not made for his "painting in the plural," to use his own phrase. Neither does he draw upon the canvas. If the pictures grow then in terms of paint, he does not wish the paint to be self-sufficient or to acquire a fixed set of qualities, but there are few English artists whose picture surface is so naturally charged with vitality. As I have already suggested, his subtly poised compositions are formed by an experienced and practiced intuition. He has said that the work often begins to advance through the correction of an initial mistake and grows by a process of adjustment as the picture formulates its own evolution. "Every painting I do is related to the



At left:  
*Standing Nude* (1956).

*Nude* (1956), drawing.



*Standing Figure* (1946).



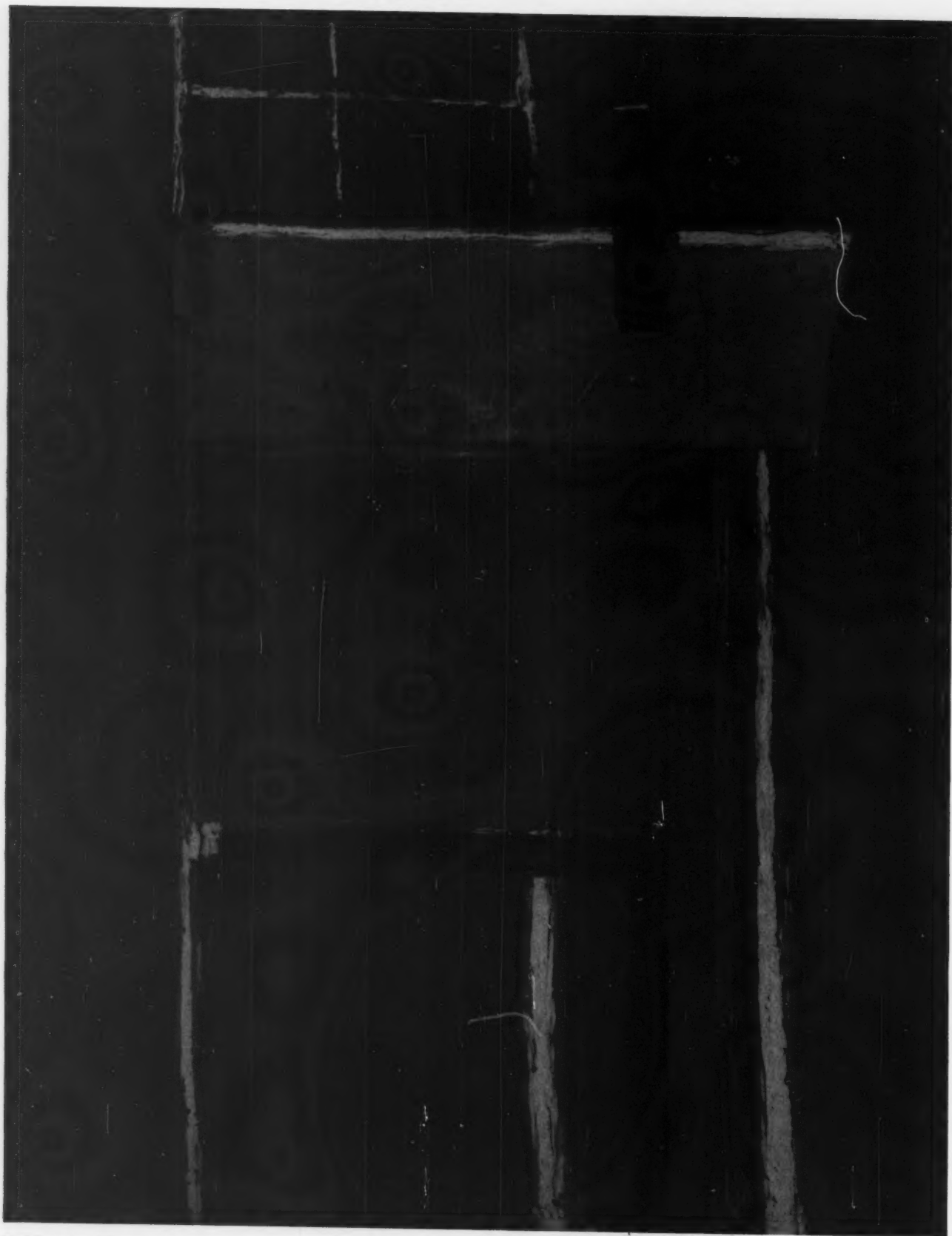
last one; it may be the continuation of a previous painting or it may be a reaction against it." When I visited his studio recently, although some of his recent still lifes were on view, there was no sign of any actual pots and pans. A comparison occurred to me with the work of Morandi, an artist of similar constancy and concentration. Whereas Morandi, choosing from his stock of bottles, establishes a composition before the easel and then paints it, Scott's objects do not put in an appearance until they emerge on the canvas.

If he is not an intellectual painter, he does admit to certain conscious impulses which help to explain the evolution of his work. On the one hand there is a tendency toward a sharp definition of form, a certain hardness of texture and a clearly articulated design. Against this there is a more fluid, spontaneous, painterly procedure which results in a looser texture and figuration and a more continuous statement of space.

CONSIDERATION of Scott's most recent work may draw together some of the points I have already made. In the still lifes the objects are more elementary than ever before, signs rather than representations, but belonging to him as securely as Morandi's bottles to that artist, and as lonely and disturbing as the things in the occasional still lifes of Zurbaran. The balance of Scott's designs has always been precarious, a trembling balance, but now this vital equilibrium is even more elusive. The forces which hold together objects seem now to be strained to their limit, just about to break—which is to say that his sense of interval, his judgment of tone and of the

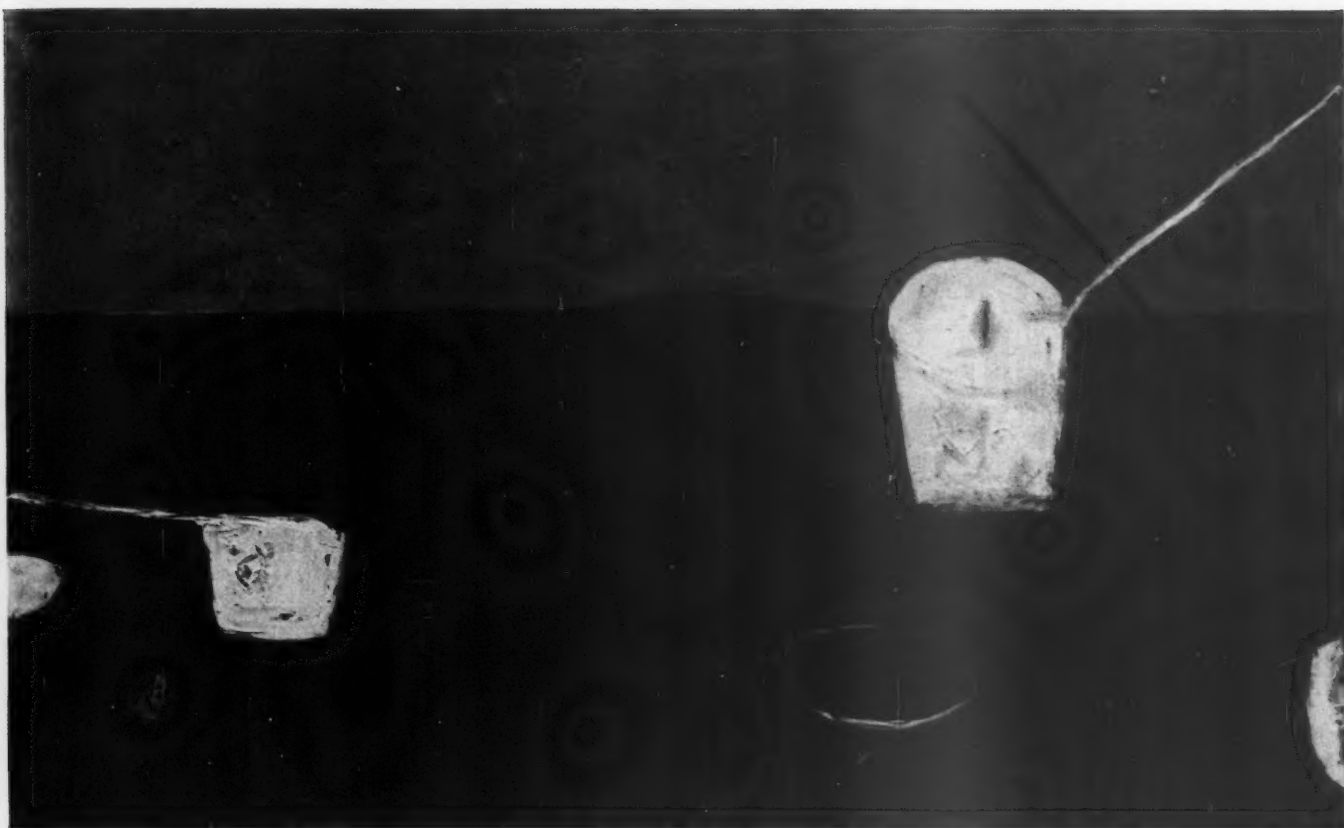
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THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM SCOTT



*Red Interior* (1952).





Courtesy Martha Jackson Gallery.

*Still Life* (1956).

continued from page 39

weight of pigment have become immensely sure and sophisticated. His pictures have always been dominated by an arrangement of approximate or irregular rectangles—the motif of the tipped table top against a plain wall is an example of that. Now the forms of these rectangles are so loyal to the action of the brush that they have become increasingly energetic and rich in substance. Scott has activated these rectangles or rough circles or ellipses by the introduction of thin or sharp forms, the pointed tails of fish, toasting forks or the skeletons of glazing bars. These slender appendices are still there, but now they seem to act also as lines of direction, as broken but still-effective ligaments. These pictures have become intensely alive as a population of objects, and the objects have acquired the disturbing force of *personae*. In 1953-54 he passed through a phase of almost complete abstraction, and this has, I think, been a main cause of the present condition of his work and of its changes from its earlier character. He has said that "I may begin a picture as a careful recording of a special sensation evoked clearly at a remembered time and place, and then, by a continuous process of work, obliteration, change, an entirely different thing begins to grow, a figure becoming a landscape or a still life." This fact of metamorphosis has never been so intense as it is now, yet never so fully pictorial.

His paintings of the figure have suffered the same evolution, having become more personal to him, less realistic and more primitive. He has said that "primitive sculpture has a particular meaning for me when it possesses strong sensual and plastic qualities." European figure painting has for centuries been dominated by those canons of proportion established by the Greeks and by subsequent variations upon them. One of the most significant qualities of tribal and primitive sculpture has

been the absence of such canons and of the rule of straight line and right angle. Much of the sophisticated neo-primitivism of the twentieth century, while emulating the distortions, surface and mood of primitive art, has yet not departed fundamentally from European canons. Scott's latest figures are in a profound sense primitive in that their proportions seem freshly irregular. That seems to me one source of their magical presence and exceptional plasticity. Their primitivism is wholly European; they are strangely humanistic without adhering to any of the rules of humanist art.

His new sculptures are, of course, related to the paintings, but the distinction in his use of the two languages is a sign of his great intelligence and sensibility. His sculptures are pictorial in the sense that they are most significant when viewed from the front, but on the other hand their plasticity is not at all that of a painting. His pictures have never before been so painterly, and yet, as I have suggested, the object in them has an intense three-dimensional existence. Similarly, in the magnificent drawing, the line seems not to define the forms but to grasp them.

At this climactic moment in Scott's career his achievement seems to me unique in English art. Here is a man who can be interested, as he has said, in "primitive sex forms, the sensual and the erotic, disconcerting contours, the things of life," who can have the romantic's concern for what is indefinable, and yet be able to embrace this allusive and ambiguous material in terms which are purely pictorial and pictorially of the greatest simplicity and candor.

Author's Note: In the preparation of this essay I am indebted to Lawrence Alloway's *Nine Abstract Artists* (Tiranti), which contains a series of statements by William Scott.

# SPECIAL BOOK SECTION



*Titian, THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST; at the Prado. From Skira's The Sixteenth Century.*

**The Sixteenth Century: From Leonardo to El Greco.** Text by Lionello Venturi. Skira. \$27.50.

THE Skira organization has devoted its latest installment in the "Great Centuries of Painting" series to the sixteenth century, and inevitably it is the largest volume in the series. It is one of the most pleasurable art books to be had, not only because the color plates (152 of them) are largely given over to some of the greatest artists of the West—which wouldn't be true in many other periods—but also because the accompanying text, which has sometimes been characterized by false rhetoric and critical silliness in a few of Skira's earlier ventures, is here entirely equal to its task. Venturi does not depart

from his customary seriousness, and the survey he has written, while it cannot go deeply into any large issue, combines his fine sense of historical specification with an ability to focus on particular works of art for their singular artistic qualities. I especially liked his opening pages on Leonardo, which managed to cut through the comment which surrounds this figure and confront his oeuvre in a very direct way.

But it is for the plates that this book will be looked at, and they provide a stunning impression of sixteenth-century achievements. The Renaissance in Italy, Germany and the Netherlands, as well as the Venetian and mannerist schools, are covered in detail. The *detail*, of course, is what the Skira books have always abounded in, and in the present edition one's

prejudices against such cropping and distortion are hard pressed to retain their edge of indignation, for there are several beautiful instances—notably, the details of Leonardo's *The Adoration of the Magi* and Tintoretto's *The Crucifixion*. Where the use of detail does go wrong, strangely, is in the representations of Michelangelo's frescos for the Sistine Chapel ceiling. The editors must have felt this too, for they do not dwell on this work as they might have.

However, in most cases the works are given in full proportion, and as this includes six by Pieter Brueghel, four by Lucas Cranach, six by Dürer, five by El Greco, eight by Tintoretto and eight by Titian, it can be readily seen what a triumph is embraced in this sumptuous book.

HILTON KRAMER

**The Art of Sculpture** by Herbert Read. The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts for 1954. Bollingen Series. Pantheon Books. \$7.50.

It is late in the day for a critic to harbor a belief in progress in the arts, to hold to a Platonic idealism that causes him to measure sculpture against an idea of sculpture rather than to form an idea from the actuality of sculpture, and to believe in the existence of a fundamental realistic art, to which conventions are added or which is distorted in the interest of stylization. Yet, in this volume, one or another piece of this baggage is indispensable to every movement of Sir Herbert's mind. His analysis of the sculptural object itself is unbalanced by what can only be called, paradoxically, a three-dimensional bias and by a penchant for "palpability."

*The Art of Sculpture* is an esthetics that uses psychology when it can, history when it must, and semantic rigor only rarely. It would demonstrate the following thesis: "Since Rodin's time there has arisen what is virtually a new art—a concept of a piece of sculpture as a three-dimensional mass occupying space and only to be apprehended by senses that are alive to its volume and ponderability, as well as its visual appearance."

Leaving apart for the moment the historical implications in this sentence, we soon come to understand that for Sir Herbert the three-dimensional is the bulky and massive. Sculpture made of thin masses, such as sheets of metal, wire and other slender elements, is not analyzed as sculpture of thin masses, but is placed in a new category called linear sculpture, which has reached a "crisis" which "will have to be resolved by a return to the tactile compactness that by definition is the distinctive attribute of sculpture." The definition, of course, is Sir Herbert's; some sculpture is apparently more three-dimensional than other sculpture. There are hierarchies of material, too; open metal construction, we are assured, would "technically . . . be classified in any museum not as sculpture but as wrought ironwork."

It escapes Sir Herbert that the term linear sculpture is only a figurative one. Wire sculpture, in fact, is not made of lines, but of actual slender masses; and relief sculpture, high and low, projects into space just as "free" sculpture does—it simply does not usually project as far.

Sir Herbert's prejudice in favor of bulk is related to his special notion of how sculpture "occupies space"; sculpture on a pedestal evidently occupies space better, or more, or more sculpturally, than sculpture projecting from a wall. Sir Herbert is really thinking of a sculpture thrown into space, free of contingencies. But there is no such thing: just as you cannot see a piece of "free" sculpture from under the base it rests on. The base or the earth is the contingency of "free" sculpture, just as the string by which a Calder mobile hangs is its contingency. (It is not exact, by the way, that "'Mobiles' is a term invented by an American sculptor, Alexander Calder"; it was suggested to Calder by Duchamp.) The importance with which sculptors regard this inescapable condition of sculpture is especially clear in the case of Brancusi,

whose pedestals are a transitional sculpture between the sculptural object and the floor.

Sir Herbert's attitude toward mass and space leads him to make statements exasperating in their ambiguity when not at variance with the facts: ". . . we can state that no complete plastic consciousness was possible in Egyptian sculpture, because the form was never isolated in space and was never handled as a three-dimensional object." What is "complete plastic consciousness"—is what the Egyptians made sculpture or isn't it? Is Sir Herbert serious when he says, "the form was never isolated in space"? How else can he characterize several examples of Egyptian sculpture illustrated in this volume, and the countless objects, many also illustrated, from other cultures to which he applies the same judgment?

The word "palpable" is the principal contribution to the esthetics of sculpture in this volume. As we follow the progress of this term, we find first, on page 49, that "Sculpture is an art of palpation—an art that gives satisfaction in the touching and handling of objects . . . One of the essential modes of appreciating sculpture . . . is palpation, handling." Sir Herbert here suggests a type of amateur who is a sort of tactile voyeur (a *toucher*?). On page 64 we are told that running the fingers "'over the surface' is not the full, palpable grasp of the mass in space." It will be observed that the notion of palpation has gone from touching to handling to grasping. Further, one would have thought that the more sculpture deals in mass, the less is the hand called into play. On page 71 Sir Herbert, in analyzing the plastic sensibility, writes, "It involves three factors: a sensation of the tactile quality of surfaces; a sensation of volume as denoted by plane surfaces; and a synthetic realization of the mass and ponderability of the object." This is very perceptive and, in this book, the only passage by Sir Herbert that can be so designated. But note that the canon of palpability is not invoked here: tactility is reserved for the surface; volume and mass are "denoted" and "realized." Then on page 72, in the next paragraph, we find, "Ideally the reader of this volume should be provided, at this stage, with a piece of sculpture to hug, cuddle, fondle—primitive verbs that indicate a desire to treat an object with plastic sensibility." This sounds more like Cole Porter in an ironic mood than Sir Herbert. On page 85 we read "touch (or imagined touch)," and the idea has run a full gamut.

The truth is that no one touches sculpture, and no one ever did, but the sculptor. It is necessary for the sculptor to touch his work; he must do so in order to make it, to measure it and to verify certain of its qualities. Once the piece is finished he, like everyone else, merely looks at it, appreciating it through the intellect and the intuition. This is possible because adults are supposed to have experienced textures, weight and movement, and can appreciate these factors in a work of sculpture. The desire to touch is the simple one of seeking information concerning the quality of a texture, or the simpler one of feeling an attractive surface. Neither of these desires has anything to do with the appreciation of sculpture; the desire to run one's hand over it—or palpate, grasp, hug, cuddle or fondle it—is outside the scope of this review.

Sir Herbert distorts history when he denies the

ROBERT JAY

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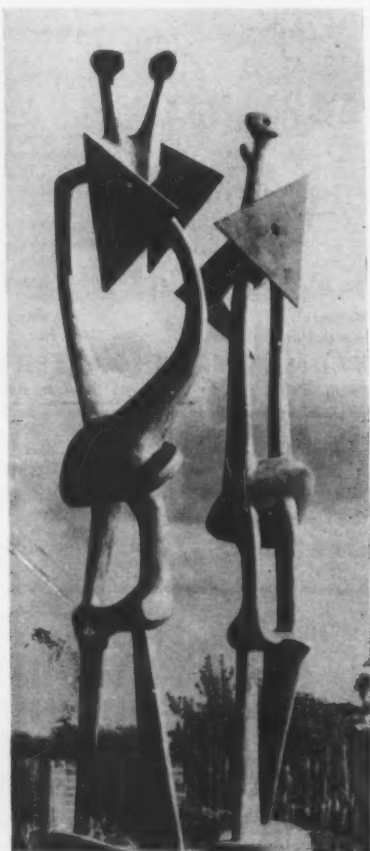


## SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

existence of the three-dimensional object before Rodin, and when he calls prehistoric sculpture realistic, omitting mention of the obviously stylized *Venus of Lespugue*. He confounds judgment when he says, "the Greek temple is . . . constructed as if carved out of rock," and "The intention behind Egyptian sculpture is functional." He violates language when he calls "kinetic" a perfectly immobile sculpture by Hepworth, and when, in describing the drapery of a seated, resting figure by Riemenschneider, he speaks of "the effort to represent movement in this realistic manner." He can use a term in contradictory senses, as when he says, page 39, "A metaphysical intention . . . is subordinate to . . . the values we now call humanistic," and, page 44, "The intention . . . was metaphysical—to render the dignity of man." He indulges in much mumbo-jumbo about "touch-space" and "sight-space," "haptic" sensations, *mana* and child psychology, and more than once verges on the unintelligible and the ungrammatical.

These many objections should not give the impression that this book is stimulating, provocative, or laden with crucial issues; it is none of these. It is confused and confusing, and encumbered by dubious and irrelevant scholarship where some fresh, plain thinking would be more to the point. There is probably no reason why a book on this difficult subject should be interesting; on the other hand, there is no reason why it should be as dull as this one is. It is with some wonder that one remembers while reading

Henry Moore, DOUBLE STANDING FIGURE (1950), bronze. From *The Art of Sculpture in the Bollingen Series*.



it that its author is a poet and generally esteemed to be the foremost writer on art of our generation.

But *The Art of Sculpture* is not without its virtues. It has the excellent passage by Sir Herbert himself, quoted above, and some brilliant quotations from Ruskin, Worringer, Wölfflin and Henry Moore. It has over two hundred good, full-page reproductions in gravure, and has been given the sturdy and handsome production typical of the Bollingen Series.

SIDNEY GEIST

**Post-Impressionism: From Van Gogh to Gauguin** by John Rewald. The Museum of Modern Art. \$15.00.

ONLY one who has done research in the field of art history can judge the tremendous amount of selfless labor that went into this rather admirable book. Both in *The History of Impressionism* and in the present work, a sequel, Mr. Rewald carefully refrained from making any statement that could not be corroborated by contemporary sources. Everything is painstakingly documented, and it is obvious that the vast bibliography included in this volume represents only a fraction of the reading matter covered by the author.

*The History of Impressionism* dealt with a large segment of the past century: from the Paris World's Fair of 1855 (at which works by Delacroix and Ingres dominated the display at the Palais des Beaux-Arts) to the last impressionist group show in 1886. These three decades were treated in 474 pages. Now Mr. Rewald devotes more than 600 pages to a slice of nine years—beginning with Van Gogh's move from Antwerp to Paris in 1886 and ending with Gauguin's return to the same city from Tahiti in 1893. Everything is presented here in the greatest possible detail, for the benefit of fellow-historians, no doubt, but to the distraction of the ordinary reader who somehow misses the straight, dramatic movement of the earlier book, and is overwhelmed and puzzled by a wealth of information that sometimes numbs his interest in the story, and occasionally leads him to agree with Nietzsche who dubbed history the *Wissenschaft des Nichtwissenwertes*, the science of what is not worth knowing.

The great figures of this short period are Seurat, Van Gogh and Gauguin, whose lives more than their works command our attention throughout the book. Their tragic tales are told with sympathy and tact, and in the case of Seurat, about whom only one work in English is available (Mr. Rewald's biography, published a decade ago), one is grateful for the opportunity of learning much about this rare genius who died at the age of thirty-one. It is not the fault of Mr. Rewald, however, that one tires of reading again, and in the most minute detail, the story of the Gauguin-Van Gogh affair (even though Mr. Rewald is wise enough to relegate to the Notes a trifle like the question of whether Van Gogh cut off his whole ear or only the lobe).

Far more valuable than the material on Gauguin and Van Gogh are the pages devoted to some very good artists who did not quite make the grade but well deserve rescue from oblivion. The best-known of them, Emile Bernard, is

remembered chiefly for his writings on Van Gogh, Cézanne, Redon and others, but he was an imaginative and daring painter, as the reproductions in this book can prove. There are also certain neo-impressionists, like Angrand, Cross, Dubois-Pillet, Luce and Pissarro's oldest son, Lucien, who are given their due in the book. Among the critics, Rewald rightly singles out for praise Félix Fénéon, the devoted friend of Seurat and Signac, who dared to accuse the old and successful Monet of "brilliant vulgarity"; and G. Albert Aurier, a young man who discovered Van Gogh's greatness and survived him only by two years. Rewald mentions his successor as critic for the *Mercur de France*, Camille Mauclair, a man fated to reach an old age and privileged to use his prestige for promulgating anti-Semitism and anti-modernism under the Vichy regime.

The volume gives us many pages of fascinating excerpts from correspondence between some of the period's leading figures, and it contains scores of charming little stories. Among the latter is one about the neo-impressionists Signac and Angrand, who approached the ninety-eight-year-old physicist Chevreul in their quest for knowledge. When, at last, the old gentleman understood that the young men were concerned with the science of color, he urged them to see Monsieur Ingres—who had been dead for twenty years, and, moreover, had never been interested in science. Or there is the story of young Emile Bernard, whom Cormon expelled from the Ecole des Beaux-Arts because the boy had repainted in gay colors an old brown sail that served as a background to the model. "Your son is very gifted," the professor admitted to the elder Bernard, "but he is an independent and I can't keep him"—whereupon the father threw Emile's brushes and pigments into the fire and forbade his son to paint.

Episodes like these might be useful for a movie dealing with the impudent rebels of the 1886-1893 period—but does the stringing together of hundreds or even thousands of such items create a history of art? What is missing in this book is a point of view, and, with it, a fearless evaluation of the listed works of art within historical and esthetic frames of reference. Mr. Rewald is so much in love with his subject and so anxious to appear objective that he hardly ever risks applying any yardstick of judgment to the work of the individuals he discusses. It is hard to believe that he could find any real merit in the weird theatricality of Gustave Moreau's canvases, yet in his kindness he went out of his way to write that Moreau "managed, through the power of his will, through his patience as well as through his sense of color and composition, to pull together all the ingredients assembled by his restless mind and thus endowed his works with a mystical realism and poetry." Such an ambiguous statement will hardly please the reader who would prefer a clear-cut opinion—even an erroneous one.

The reader will, nevertheless, thank Mr. Rewald for his efforts, and for many good reasons. Not the least of them is that he did a magnificent job in assembling nearly five hundred illustrations, many of them in color, and some of them culled from such faraway places as museums in Algiers and Moscow, Buenos Aires and Helsinki. It is surprising, incidentally, how many of the best post-impressionist works are now in

the U.S.A. in public or private collections. A valuable feature of the book is the inclusion of works by a dozen or more "second-stringers." Many landscape paintings are juxtaposed to photographs of the actual scene, thus allowing us to study the significant "distortions" wrought by the artists. It is also enlightening to compare Gauguin's *Yellow Christ* and *Green Christ* with the old religious images from Brittany that inspired the artist, or the famous *la Orana Maria*—*Ave Maria* painting (in the Metropolitan Museum) with the photograph of a bas-relief in a Javanese temple that Gauguin probably obtained at the Paris World's Fair of 1889.

There are a few fine pages on Redon, a remarkable artist who was still widely unappreciated at the point where our book closes, and about whom one hopes to hear more in the promised sequel to the volume (the central figures will be Toulouse-Lautrec, Henri Rousseau, Cézanne and the Nabis). But whatever the next volume may offer, it will not have the gems that here shine through a clear but otherwise undistinguished prose—the inspired writings of the artists themselves, more eloquent and articulate than any other generation, not only Gauguin and Van Gogh, but also Bernard, Redon and Signac. Nothing more apt can be written about Seurat, for example, than what Signac confided to his diary: "He gave everything he could give, and that admirably . . . his task was accomplished with finality . . . What more can one ask of a painter?"

ALFRED WERNER

**An Approach to Paul Klee** by Nika Hulton. Pitman. \$4.95.

So strong is the fascination of Paul Klee's art that, once smitten, many collectors have found themselves acquiring his work in quantity, while some have devoted their collections almost exclusively to Klee. Among these Klee devotees is Nika Hulton, whose collection of Klee's work is well known in England and who, through this book and the current exhibition at the Chicago Arts Club (Nov. 8-Dec. 6), is now sharing some of her treasures with the public abroad.

Any book on Paul Klee subsequent to the two comprehensive volumes of several years ago must necessarily be examined in the light of what further contribution is made to our knowledge of the painter. Since both Will Grohmann's all-inclusive, carefully documented and copiously illustrated volume and Werner Haftmann's lengthy, more interpretive study rank among the foremost works on any twentieth-century artist, the task of supplementing them in the least significant way is an ambitious and difficult project. Considering that Nika Hulton writes with the perspective of a different background and the experience of having lived with Klee's paintings over a long period, there was reason to hope for some fresh illumination of the artist, if only in terms of a personal revelation. However, she has decided to confine her remarks to a general presentation of the artist and the qualities to be found in his work, so that the present volume's principal assets are the plates themselves and the always rewarding opportunity of encountering a number of Klee's hitherto unpublished paintings and drawings.



Paul Klee, *GARDEN AT NIGHT* (1918); Hulton Collection. From Pitman's *An Approach to Paul Klee*.

As the title, *An Approach to Paul Klee*, indicates, this book is clearly addressed to the novice; it is written frankly in the tone of the initiate to the uninitiated. It does not pretend to be a scholarly work. The concise introductory essay mentions a number of the elements which make up the complex art of Paul Klee as well as some of the factors in the formation of the artist, presented with perception and sympathy. The points are generally well made, although necessarily undeveloped. However, the introduction of existentialism as a means of clarifying Klee's approach for the layman is likely to obscure and mislead, for it is the only attempt the author makes to place Klee's art in a broader context.

Individual analyses accompany the plates and are useful in placing the work at a particular period in the artist's career. Some of the comments display genuine insight and offer a guide to the reader in learning what to look for in an unfamiliar world, while others are of indifferent value. Since each work offers such a rich field of exploration, a more detailed commentary would have enhanced the book's interest. Certainly it is helpful to have the observations of an experienced eye and a highly developed sensibility as signposts in examining a work of art, to stimulate one's own responses and deepen one's understanding, and for the sake of the dependent reader they should be as detailed as possible.

## SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

Greatly to Nika Hulton's credit are the devotion and intelligence displayed in amassing such an excellent collection of Klee's work. From every phase of his art, from all periods of his career come beautiful examples. From the war years there are three remarkable works, *War Strides over a Village*, immediate and violent and strangely unreflective for Klee, *Sickbed*, the wounded body agonizingly victimized by the hospital paraphernalia, and the bristling, highly charged *Transmissions (From the Ship)*. It would be hard to find among Klee's paintings anything surpassing the gouache *Little Tree*, with its tenderness for the small and solitary, the varying alignments of the brushstrokes and the precise, yet merging areas of color which create a solemn ambiance for the radiant, poignantly isolated tree. Then there are the ink and watercolor drawings, *The Matter, Mind and Symbol of Attack*, a complex and provocative arrangement of figure and objects in perpetual tension, and the *Promenade of the Sensitive Ones*, with its distinct figures engulfed by linear waves which bind them in wordless communication. *Chewed Up (or Disappointed Man)* of 1933, a relief-type painting, reflects Klee's state of mind at the time he returns to Bern, disgusted by the Nazis, in its anguish and frustration and its suggestion of a man mangled by a machine.

Klee's illness at the end of his life and the shadow of his approaching death permeate the work of his last years—the year of his death was the most productive of his career—and few paintings are more revealing than the haunting *Night Blossoms* and *High Water-Wood*. The latter is a view from above on what might be a river with an island, but the island is in the shape of a man, still and corpse-like within the water; over the whole are heavy bacilli-like marks. The possibilities of interpretation of this deceptively simple painting are limitless when it is viewed in the light of Klee's consciousness of his fatal illness and of his disintegrating body and his unearthly balance of involvement and detachment. It is for the sake of such paintings as this with their vast worlds to be explored that one can be grateful to this book and to its author, both for her discrimination as a collector and for her generosity in sharing her collection.

MARTICA SAWIN

**Michelangelo: A Study in the Nature of Art** by Adrian Stokes. Philosophical Library. \$7.50.

It seems only fair that, after a protracted period of neglect caused by the sudden shifting of esthetic interest from the High Renaissance to the early Renaissance and the age of mannerism, Michelangelo's art—like that of Leonardo—should finally come into its own again. Earlier in the century, it is true, Michelangelo the man had served as a source of inspiration for the expressionists with their craving for an unbridled titanism of body and soul. Belonging, in more than one respect, to the realm of the Germanic spirit, with its penchant for psychological complexity, he was then considered as the sole companion of Napoleon and Beethoven—a sentiment which is strongly reflected in the well-known studies by Romain Rolland and Emil Ludwig.

To the Italians (with the exception of his friend and biographer Vasari) on the other hand, the

Florentine master has always appeared to be lacking in full-blooded passion and elegant sensuality, while the esthetic temper of the English-speaking peoples is by its very nature opposed to all manner of artistic overstatement. It is, accordingly, to the prettified Michelangelism of El Greco and Tintoretto that the latter prefer to turn for their edification. As for our modern purists, finally, they have long regarded with horror the sculptural compactness of Michelangelo's paintings and the architectural massiveness of his sculpture.

Without much regard for the stylistic properties of Michelangelo's art or for the philosophical content of his monumental schemes—as treated in De Tolnay's monographs and in a long essay by Erwin Panofsky—Adrian Stokes, a prominent member of the London Imago group, has set out to solve the enigma of the master's style by examining both his life and his art under the psychoanalytical microscope. In presenting us with a "theory of form tied up with psychoanalytical attitudes," however, he takes his

stand in the ambiguous realm of the subjective where all is reduced to subconsciously charged feelings and emotions.

From the point of view of the psychoanalyst, indeed, art is of an altogether secondary importance, its value being functionally determined by the degree of sublimation achieved in its making, and not terminally by the inherent *raison d'être* of the esthetic object. And should we see in Michelangelo's art nothing but a means of overcoming certain depressive or persecutory anxieties? Was it really the father image, turned to stone in his heart, that caused him to mutilate the marble with his chisel? Or is there enough in the poetic conceits of his sonnets and madrigals to justify the claim that his art, after an initial "genitalization of the act of seeing," became a substitute for sexual intercourse?

As far as this reviewer is concerned, nothing is more inimical to the study of genius than the substitution of a cluttered terminology for the intelligent description of the creative rhythm



Paul Klee, MEMORIES OF A GARDEN (1914); Hulton Collection. From Pitman's An Approach to Paul Klee.



of melancholy and furor that constituted Michelangelo's *modus vivendi et operandi*. For this melancholy is forever present in the brooding passivity of his slaves and prophets, while the creative fury is written on the surface of the stone and attested by the sudden abandonment of sculptural attack, which caused so many of the master's works to remain unfinished.

Along with this severe criticism of Stokes' method must also go a criticism of his style, which, not unlike that of our Edgar Allan Poe, is distinguished by a rhetorical didacticism, a quaintness of imagery and an obliqueness of syntactical construction unbecoming a book that pretends to be scientific in nature. What, for instance, is the reader to make of the following sentence, in which the author endeavors to sum up important aspects of his psychoanalytically slanted theory of art: "It is part of my view that I assume the pressure (upon us all) of some such once-corporeal object which Michelangelo carried about with him, a figure he wooed, pacified, imitated, nursed, even while the host performed similar conjuring tricks far more widely with the materials of the actual world, primarily on behalf of a maternal object through the sublimation, art."? Reading this, one cannot but doubt whether Freud himself—who devoted a highly meritorious study to the psychoanalytical aspect of Leonardo's art and existence—would have endorsed the use of a pseudo-scientific lingo such as we here encounter.

Need it be added, in conclusion, that Stokes' book, which also contains twenty-four rather haphazardly selected illustrations, is hardly worth the money which the publishers demand for it? As so often before, the Philosophical Library has done us a great disservice in undertaking the publication of a book that will at best appeal only to the initiated few.

ULRICH WEISSTEIN

**Treatise on Painting by Leonardo da Vinci.**  
Translated and annotated by A. Philip McMahon.  
Princeton University Press. \$20.00.

**T**HE most famous of all treatises on the art of painting has now been translated into English. Leonardo da Vinci's *Trattato della Pittura*, although written for artists of sixteenth-century Italy, is far more than a studio textbook. It is a monument in the history of science, of literature and of esthetics, as well as a milestone in the history of art.

Leonardo's contemporaries were certainly aware of the importance of his treatise even though it was not printed until more than a century after his death. His manuscripts and copies of them were widely circulated during the sixteenth century as we know from contemporary accounts. It is clear, furthermore, that Leonardo's influence on the artists of his day was not based exclusively on the few works of art he produced. Occasionally one sees paintings by *cinquecento* artists which almost seem to be illustrations of passages from his treatise.

Even today artists will find many chapters of the *Trattato* interesting, if no longer of direct practical value. A wide range of subjects is included. In the first section of the book, the famous *Paragone*, Leonardo compares painting to

certain other arts, especially to poetry, arguing the superiority of painting over all others. The second section contains rules for the painter, including the standards for his education, advice on drawing, observations on lighting, on perspective and on the composition of narrative paintings. The third part deals with human anatomy, movements and expressions, and includes several intensely poetic descriptions of atmospheric perspective. The succeeding sections discuss draperies, light and shadow, trees, clouds and other forms in nature.

Although some of the material is too complex to interest any but a specialist in the history of mathematics, of anatomical research or of some other science, much is of more general concern. Unfortunately, however, it is difficult for the reader to glean from this disorganized manuscript the particular passages which might interest him. Leonardo never completed his treatise on painting. He left behind him a vast collection of notes which he meant to arrange into books upon various subjects dealing with art and science, but if he ever finished any of these projects, they have not survived. Many of his original notes have also been lost. In the case of the treatise on painting, less than half of the chapters can be verified in existing Leonardo manuscripts. The present translation is based on a sixteenth-century manuscript in the Vatican (Codex Urbinas Latinus 1270) which is thought to have been compiled and edited from Leonardo's own notes by his pupil, Francesco Melzi. The notes have been arranged loosely according to subject, but there is little continuity between passages, some self-contradiction and much repetition. Rarely does Leonardo pursue a single thought for the length of a page.

Because of its formless and disorganized presentation (and because of its price) the average reader will probably decline to struggle with the *Treatise on Painting*. This edition will also prove disappointing to specialists in art history. The translation was made by A. Philip McMahon, who died before completing his work. His widow, with several assistants, carried the manuscript through to the stage of publication. Consequently, the book suffers from the inevitable errors, omissions and inconsistencies of any project begun by one person and completed at interrupted intervals by others. Moreover, one does not feel that the project really has been completed. What we need is a thorough critical edition of the Codex Urbinas, and this the McMahons have not provided. The book does contain a very useful concordance of the Codex with Leonardo's manuscripts. It has a bibliography and an invaluable facsimile volume of the Vatican manuscript itself. Ludwig Heydenreich has contributed a sound introduction to the translation in which he explains the history of the manuscript and compares, in general terms, Leonardo's treatise with those of his predecessors. But missing from this edition are the interpretive commentary and the explanatory notes which would have placed Leonardo's disconnected thoughts in a proper historic perspective.

The McMahon translation of the Codex Urbinas, though certainly a welcome and useful book, may have been published somewhat prematurely. The definitive edition of Leonardo's *Treatise on Painting* is yet to appear.

BERNICE DAVIDSON

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*While eluding Hollywood's grasp, the man and his work remain an interesting subject for cinematic inquiry.*

## IN SEARCH OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

BY VERNON YOUNG

IN THE nationally circulated Sunday supplement *The American Weekly*, for August 12 of this year, Irving Stone, perpetrator of the fictional Van Gogh biography *Lust for Life*, published a communication which, for self-advertising fulsomely conceived and inanely expressed, must be considered to have set some sort of record, even among items of its common nature. By so doing he confirmed, with numbing accuracy, the skepticism which we—the lost legion of the obdurate—had already entertained toward the forthcoming MGM film version of his dreadful book. The version has since forthcome. At a certain level it is an event of dire magnitude, and Mr. Stone's "trailer" would not merit recapitulation if it were not so uncannily (or cannily?) a qualitative clue to that event. Indeed, the event itself would not deserve the attention of even a disclaiming superlative if one lived in a climate more austere, where one might relax in the assurance that nobody with a degree of sensibility would give the film a full two hours' heed followed by a minute's clement afterthought. Unfortunately we make our way moviewise in these times through an ebb of taste and courage, wherein our critics<sup>1</sup> and our more invertebrate friends daily astonish us by refusing the tested dogma that some phenomena of mass culture are totally intolerable, unspeakable and un-negotiable. (Most Hollywood films embrace these negative compounds; it was once unnecessary to insist on them, but fashions in resistance have changed. MGM's *Lust for Life* demands adjectives beyond any to which our dictionaries give access.) Since, among the minority of movie-going clear heads whom we had once counted, we have

heard it droned over and over that *Shane* is a significant instance of myth; since, despite the circumstantial evidence, one has been impelled into the unnecessary duty of explaining why Huston and Bradbury's *Moby Dick* is paltry and uncreative; and since the outriders of the "art film" under contemptuous notice have been issuing bids to educational institutions for their attendance at a charade far more witless than Huston's *Moulin Rouge* (but substitute any recent Hollywood excursion into cultural history)—clearly it's no longer possible to support a polite silence and assume that everyone within the circle of one's interests will be undeceived. Consequently, this child, as the French-Canadians say, implores every reader with a grain of susceptibility to Hollywood's sirens of the press to tie himself to the mast, divert his curiosity, spare his feelings and save his money by staying away from the Metro-color travesty and to employ the interval (if a constructive alternative must be courted) in re-scrutinizing Van Gogh's paintings, the originals, if possible—if not, then preferably those reproduced in the editions published by Harry N. Abrams or Skira, elucidated with wisdom and taste by Meyer Schapiro and Charles Estienne, respectively. The movie will not add a cubit to your knowledge of Van Gogh as a painter or man, and not a millimeter to your enjoyment of film art.

A timorous superstition persists that critical justice hasn't been done in less than an essay-long demonstration. In which case I prefer to risk injustice rather than tedium. By way of summary it should suffice if I declare that the film *Lust for Life* is monstrously inept. Its account—no warmer word is appropriate—of the life and art of one Vincent Van Gogh is not so much wrong as it is wrong-headed—or wrong-hearted, if that is a possible variation. The procedure is epically stilted: the writing is sophomoric, the acting is painful to endure, the milieu in all its details is hopelessly, theatrically contrived, and the paintings are ignobly reproduced. Before leaving my secondary subject—this is it, the movie they made—for my primary subject, the movie that might be, a single consideration demands a longer parenthesis: the harmony between Mr. Stone's assumptions and those of the producers. The assump-

<sup>1</sup>When *Lust for Life* opened in New York, the most distended and gaily colored balloons were sent aloft from *The New York Times*, *The New York Post* and the *Saturday Review*. Arthur Knight's, in the latter periodical, September 15, soared highest and ranged farthest ("a fitting film tribute to a great artist . . . a rare, affecting portrait of the mind and character of an artist"), expanding boldly at a transitional altitude from where Marilyn Monroe—in *Bus Stop*—was included in the view. ("Not an artist as neglected and unnoticed as Van Gogh was in his day, to be sure, but certainly as scorned and unappreciated—at least, as an artist.")



Scenes from the motion picture *LUST FOR LIFE*; photos, courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

tions derive centrally from a quite pathetic faith in the power of the vicarious ritual. For the gist of that triumphant postscript to which I made initial reference was Mr. Stone's *Adventures in Authenticity and How They Grew*. "Throughout Europe," he explains, "I worked in the studios where Vincent [sic] had worked, wrote in the fields where he had painted, even slept in the bed in which he had died, on the fortieth anniversary of his death." Ignoring the intimations of necrophilia and the curious delight in round numbers, I am moved to wonder, en route, whether or not the irrepressible Richard Halliburton, who swam the Hellespont in emulation of Byron—who himself had done so in emulation of Leander—expected to emerge fully equipped for writing a narrative in ottava rima! No less naïve is the confidence of producer John Houseman that if you get the setting "right" everything else will follow. This, at least, is my inference, from which it would take exhaustive counter-evidence to remove me. Houseman's set-dressers carefully undertook to duplicate, wherever possible, the shape and properties of the background against which Van Gogh painted; his make-up crew molded a fair facial likeness (to a single self-portrait) of the painter on the murderous glass-jawed features of Kirk Douglas; his archivists, or whatever the Front Office calls them, procured loans of the paintings from ninety-five donors, public and private, duly listed in the credit sheets from Art Institute to Wolfensberger. (I venture the possibility that two-thirds of this collection was piled into one shot of the Arles "studio" where Kirk Van Gogh brandishes under the nose of Gauguin—played by Anthony Quinn as a Santa Fe bum at fiesta time—canvases picked from a fanned-out pile spread across the table like dirty dishes.)

The history of these matters in Hollywood teaches us not to be surprised that all hands were then convinced they had traveled more than halfway to re-creating Van Gogh's person and art. Listening to Mr. Houseman's patient and doggedly cultivated earnestness in an interview some months back as he exposed his astounding belief that his film has anywhere a moment of regional or human veracity, a touch of cinematic ingenuity or a liter of breath from a vehement painter's tortured struggle for self-possession, one was almost awed by the dimension that imperception can attain in a head designed for worthier illusions. Ignorance, one gives Houseman credit, not cynicism, is his bane—ignorance of his real subject: the subject under the skin. Whereby his lack of judgment in assigning the execution of the subject. Just as he prepared the pomposity and bloodlessness of the film *Julius Caesar* by engaging Joseph Mankiewicz (a talk-director) to set it up in the same pseudo-classical-sculpture style he had himself exploited in a staging of *Coriolanus* the season before, so he guaranteed the shallowness of the Van Gogh enterprise: first by using the Stone novel as point of departure (a shrewd commercial decision, no doubt); secondly by hiring Norman Corwin, an expert

from another orbit entirely, to write the scenario; thirdly by giving directorial responsibility to Vicente Minelli, whose *Madame Bovary* of happily vanishing memory was one of the most ludicrous—against strong competition—of the Hollywood treatments of a classic; thereafter by enlisting Russell Harlan, A. S. C., whose forte is Western scenery, Miklos Rosza, whose musical scores for crime movies have often been noteworthy, and—but why begin on the cast?

THE potential Van Gogh film, full-length (but preferably half-width) is another matter and one worth supposing. In the brief history of the art film, less than fifteen years, there have been a sufficient number of creative successes to encourage one's daydreams of more. The most satisfactory achievements, at least among the short films in the genre, which constitute the majority, have been those where biography of the artist was subordinate to interpretation of the art. Art and artist may not invariably be separable, but cinematically the risk of connecting them is greater than keeping them apart, since the analysis of paintings and the representation of a painter's life belong in almost opposite categories. However, if analysis is not the object and the adventure of the artist is, no specialized problems will arise—which is probably why commercial filmmakers have restricted their efforts to the fiction type of art movie, where the art itself can be résuméed in a few close-ups of the better-known paintings (of, for instance, Rembrandt, Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec) and the movie as a whole can go about its customary business of exploiting personality. Generally speaking the *unique* aspect of an artist's life is his art; the precise *involvement* of the man with the art—which is to say with his perceptions and his tools, the canvas and the brush and the paint—is rarely as vivid, dramatically speaking, as his other involvements.<sup>2</sup>

Van Gogh is an arresting exception to this generality, for his struggle with form and color became a desperate, daily struggle with recurrent despair shadowed by the presence of insanity, every bit as intense as his luckless ordeals with women or his quarrels with Gauguin (and virtually everyone else). Among modern painters he has been the most stimulating subject (always excepting Gauguin) for literary and psychological presumptions; so far, theater, fiction and film have revealed less of his social, spiritual and esthetic crises than a handful of biographers and critics. Alan Resnais made a tasteful two-reel movie in which the paintings were frankly presented as objective complements of the artist's life, with editorial comment kept to a minimum. But I find that the film, which I saw last

<sup>2</sup>Someone asked Jean Renoir if he had ever thought of making a film of his father's life; he replied, in effect, "But how? Why? All his life, that I remember, he arose early, painted all day every day, interrupted only by meals."



## IN SEARCH OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

quite recently, doesn't remain in the memory, partly because of its brevity, I suppose, partly just because the interest is divided between recited event and photographed picture and, above all, perhaps, because the paintings were not reproduced in color. Van Gogh, the work and/or the man, cannot be approached diffidently; with no color one has but half the art.

Antonin Artaud—who had his own salvation to defend (he died in an asylum) by defending Van Gogh's—protested, in that extraordinary document *Van Gogh: The Man Suicided by Society*, that there was no use in attempting to describe a Van Gogh painting. His attitude, if not his talent, is a familiar one, its validity depending upon the nature of the person maintaining it; it smells of the sentimental and the anti-intellectual, but it might be professed by a seer. Sults employ it as a means of hoarding their private identifications, or from the fear that lucidity is destructive. "I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing/Than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance." Thus, E. E. Cummings. Yes, yes. The lyrical defense is mandatory against the analyst who never rises above the schoolmaster level, but exposition, like life, can be beautiful, and the subjective appreciation of the untutored is not infallibly haloed with pertinent spontaneity. Artaud knew that, of course; what he really meant was that there was no use in attempting to describe a Van Gogh in any way but his. Nonetheless, attempts have been made, at a lower pitch of exaltation, perhaps, with no damage to Van Gogh's creative fervor:

1. The blue sky and the yellow fields pull away from each other with disturbing violence; across their boundary a flock of black crows advances towards the unsteady foreground. And here in this pathetic disarray, we discover a powerful counteraction of the artist. In contrast to the turbulence of the brushwork, the whole space is of a primordial breadth and simplicity. The colors in their frequency have been matched inversely to the largeness and stability of their areas. The artist seems to count: one is unique blue of the sky—unity, breadth, the ultimate resolution; two is the complementary yellow of the divided, unstable masses of growing wheat; three is the red of the diverging roads which lead nowhere; four is the complementary green of the untrodden grass of these roads; and as the *n* of the series there is the endless progression of the zigzag crows, the figures of fate that come from the far horizon.

2. Van Gogh is a painter because he re-collected nature, because, so to speak, he re-perspired it and made it sweat, because he made the secular crushing of elements, the frightful elementary pressure of apostrophes, streaks, commas, dashes, squirt out over his canvases in bunches, in, as it were, monumental sprays of color, and we can no longer believe, after him, that the natural aspects of nature are not made up of these things. There are no ghosts in Van Gogh's paintings, no visions, no hallucinations. There is the torrid truth of a two-o'clock sun. A slow genesitic nightmare elucidated little by little. Without nightmare and without result. But the suffering of the prenatal is there.

The first of these quotations is by Meyer Schapiro, the second is by Artaud. Which is more meaningful? To ask is to encounter the absurd, since their intentions are not equivalent. One statement is a rehearsal of analyzable elements within a single painting, the other is a metaphor applicable to most of Van Gogh's final works. What they communicate will depend on the perceptive and imaginative equipment the reader brings to his viewing and on the particular mood of discovery he is inhabiting. In either case his experience of Van Gogh will have been enriched, and Artaud will have helped refute his own contention of descriptive impossibility. We may be sure that Artaud meant to persuade us against accepting anyone's interpretation, including his own, as a *substitute* for the act of seeing, a widespread tendency in our world of the omnipresent explanation. And here is where the motion picture can effect a *rapprochement* between the old slide-and-lecture method and the intellectual demands which a Schapiro or an Artaud makes on the average spectator. A director who, in conjunction with his visuals, would attempt, by way of narration, to use such a text as either of those quoted above, would quickly overload his audience's receptive ability, since the film-goer, unlike the reader, has no chance to reread a sen-

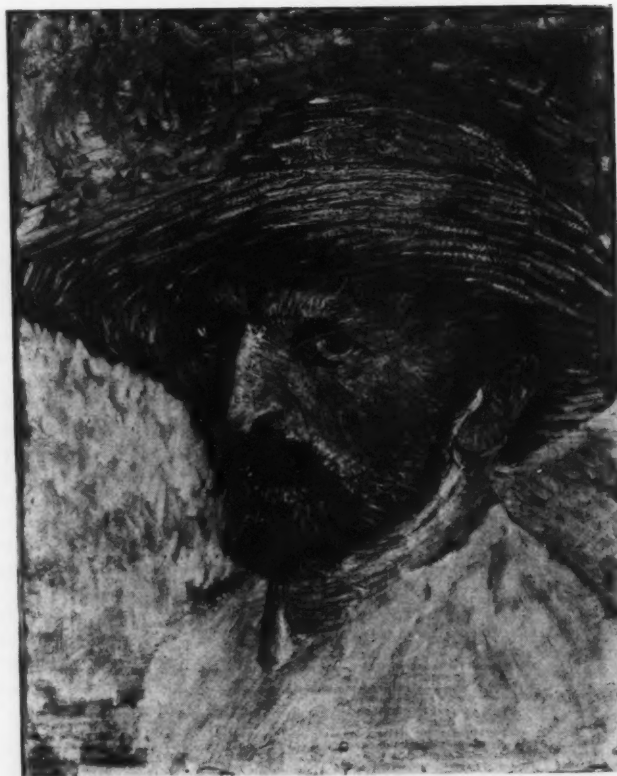


*Self-Portrait with Hat, Van Gogh Collection, Amsterdam.*



*Self-Portrait—Artist at the Easel.*

*Self-Portrait in a Straw Hat, Detroit Institute of Arts.*



tence and look back at the picture element of which it is an explanation. An art film, like any other movie category, is most effective in its own right when it is primarily and directly visual. The challenge, in the field of cinematic art interpretation, is to the ingenuity and tact with which such a film can be made to yield a maximum of elucidation and excitement with a minimum of assistance from extra-cinematic sources. And somehow a point of view has to be established, else the film is nothing but a sequence of stills, of rather less service than a gallery wall.

The value to the film-maker of an exposition by analysis like Schapiro's or an exposition by verbal expressionism like Artaud's lies in the suggestion it may provide for the terms of his approach. One can well imagine a film wherein a sentence or two from both these selections, recited at proper intervals from each other, could illuminate a whole interim of visual progression, with the camera eye moving along judicious lines of ingress, bringing into momentary relief the audacity of Van Gogh's modeling, the lambent power in the obsessive diagonals of which he was a master, the hellish interlacings of violet and ochre, of green and orange, the whiplashes of crimson and crater-lake indigo, or the harmonic tension of opposite keys whereby the essential tonal character—terrible, ecstatic or serene—of a landscape, a street, a face was rendered.

ACTUALLY, Van Gogh himself was a supreme articulator of his own intentions, as Artaud acknowledged. Surprising, it will seem to many who have been bullied into the belief that because Van Gogh was a rough diamond and a visionary he was verbally incoherent, how concrete he could be, to the point of matter-of-factness—and how eloquently subtle in the fashion of his best interpreters. His assertion that he wanted to show his *Night Café* as a place where one could go mad or commit a crime has been widely quoted; less familiar is an observation as wonderful, in a different mode, from the same letter to Theo. "What is drawing? . . . It is the action of carving a passage through an invisible iron wall which seems to be located between what one feels and what one can do." A consummate figure of speech. But his letters more often contain expositions of this nature:

In the *Red Sunset* the sun should be imagined higher up, outside the picture, just about on the level of the frame. An hour to an hour and a half before sundown things on the earth still have their natural color, as in the painting [i.e. *View of Arles at Sunset*]. But later on the blue and violet make them look blacker, as soon as the sun's rays become more horizontal.

Fromentin and Gérôme find the southern landscape colorless, and lots of people see it that way. But my God, if you take some sand in your hands and look at it closely, or study even water or air in that way, they will all seem colorless. *There's no blue without yellow and orange*, and if you put a blue you must put the yellow and the orange too, mustn't you?

The close-up discrimination all the way: this is the astounding fact in view of the manifest psychic torment of his years at Arles and St. Remy. The discipline of his artistic sense is a holy wonder when you divine the pressures which in anyone else would more likely have been intruded forcibly into the content of the painting—I mean as an explicit expression. Compare in this respect (and I intend no deprecation) the thematic morbidity of Edvard Munch, who repeatedly drafted his direct subject in all its undisguised and ferocious masochism. But Van Gogh, after elaborating on the make-up of two of his canvases, *Garden of the Asylum* and *Landscape with Ploughed Fields*, explains, in a letter to Emile Bernard, "I am telling you about these two canvases in order to impress upon you the fact that there are other means of attempting to convey an impression of anguish without making straight for the historic Garden of Gethsemane; that to convey something gentle and consoling it is not necessary to portray the figures of the Sermon on the Mount." The remark anticipates his protest in a letter to Theo against Gauguin's *Christ in the*

*Garden of Olives* and against a Bernard of the same order: "I have worked this month in the olive groves, because they have maddened me with their Christs in the Garden, with nothing really observed. . . . I have written to Bernard and Gauguin too, that I considered that to think, not to dream, was our duty. . . ." (So much for the Inspirational school of Van Gogh admirers.) Of such stuff, exact, sensible and poetically tough, are the letters made. As the basis for a preparatory "shooting script" they could not be improved upon.

As for the more comprehensive venture, a film of the *life*—which is to say the marriage of the man and the art—the hazards are disastrously exemplified in the failure which provoked this article. The responsibility is enormous, not only for technical skill and sympathetic research but also to the spirit of piety which cannot lightly undertake depiction of an actual man's wretched life, lived within darkness, dangerously spotlighted now by enduring fame. Cesare Zavattini, the twin voice, so to speak, of Vittorio de Sica's humanity, once considered writing a scenario for a film drama of Van Gogh.<sup>3</sup> I think he abandoned it for lack of any immediacy he was able to recover from excursions into the subject. The possibility gives one pause. Zavattini might certainly have been able to re-create with grave honesty and with an authentic touch in the social scenes—gallery, church, mine, tavern and hospital—the awkward tenderness and the clumsy, possessed evangelism of the odd pilgrim from Holland. But I can think of no Zavattini script which leads one to suppose he could interpret, cinematically, the consuming, apocalyptic concentration by which Van Gogh was increasingly seized, the impassioned and suicidal Nordic soul, private and hungry, that drove him into the Mediterranean world where if not the sun and earth then plastic fusions of sun and earth might liberate the anguish of a conscience born and raised under iron and in the fruitless inhibition of flesh that would be warmed. To present just this would be to get at the crux of Van Gogh's lamentable yet glorious attempt to penetrate the terrestrial—to say nothing of the astral—world, even to its veins, as it were. And to present this as movie would demand, before all, a close-in and dynamically angled camera, either *being* Van Gogh (in the fashion of *The Titan*, with no actor at all) or otherwise keeping within close range of the actor so that every perspective and contact and view would be *his alone*. Only so, as Dostoevsky might have done it in a novel, would the peculiar subjectivity of the man and his struggle to reduce the subjectivity to malleable terms ever get portrayed with a measure of conviction. For this, wide-screen is worse than useless, opening, as it does in most hands, a barn door onto eternity, whereas what is needed is but a Judas-window or a telescopic lens to catch in full significance the eye-reach of a man to whom every face, every door or rock or furrow or branch or impalpable shape in the night must have appeared, and with gathering force of suggestion, to be latent with a color, a convulsion, an atomic sentience all its own—a thing or a space not so much beautiful as viable, compelling, directional, prepotent—threatening, perhaps—and transforming itself even as one squinted, by sun or candlelight, from phenomena independently diversified into plastic form with a dominant tonality insisting on its own exclusive order.

The opportunity for making color an actor in the film by heightening its key as the painter opens his senses to the south of France and finds by trial and error (not many) the personal means of getting this burnished world onto the canvas, the opportunity for framing in foreshortened time the metamorphosis of a café table or a street blueblacking into twilight or the cypresses which had waited centuries for the man Van Gogh to convolute and re-inscribe them just enough so that never again can we see them as they "are": these are dreams of the possible the like of which it is the duty of every disgruntled film critic to indulge by way of renewing his privilege of arrogance in the face of the thing not done which should be done or could be.

<sup>3</sup>See "An Encounter with Van Gogh," by Cesare Zavattini, *Art and Artist*, University of California Press, 1956.



Claude Monet, LES NYMPHEAS (c. 1916-1926); at Knoedler's.

## MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

CLAUDE MONET has long been considered the principal votary of impressionism, but lately there has been a new interest in Monet and it is of a kind which throws new light on his achievement, or at least a different light from that which an older generation had focused on it. His name has now replaced that of Cézanne on the lips of many painters—Cézanne, who holds such an immovable position as the father-figure of our painting; and while there is not likely to be anything permanent in this displacement, the process of reconstructing Monet into an *avant-garde* master of heroic dimensions is now in full swing and we may expect to hear a great many inflated claims while it is on.

This interest in Monet received some vigorous stimulation in New York last year when the Museum of Modern Art acquired one of the enormous paintings from the water-lily series, *Les Nymphéas*, for it is this series which forms the locus of interest in this new appraisal of an artist who has never been

for long without considerable influence.\* The brilliant exhibition which Knoedler's has put on view (October 8-27) of paintings from this *Série de paysages d'eau*, which occupied the last decade of the artist's life, has again confirmed the extraordinary quality of these paintings, and it has also underscored the reasons—if there was anyone left who was unaware of them—why painters today should derive so much pleasure in invoking the example of Monet for their problematical situation. He does indeed make an exquisite apologist.

Since the invocation of Monet in our time issues directly out of our interest in luminist or close-value abstraction, it is worth remembering that an earlier generation expressed a marked distaste for this phase of Monet's oeuvre on precisely

\*See the commentary by Suzanne Burrey elsewhere in this issue [page 16] for an account of Monet's influence on an earlier generation of American painters.



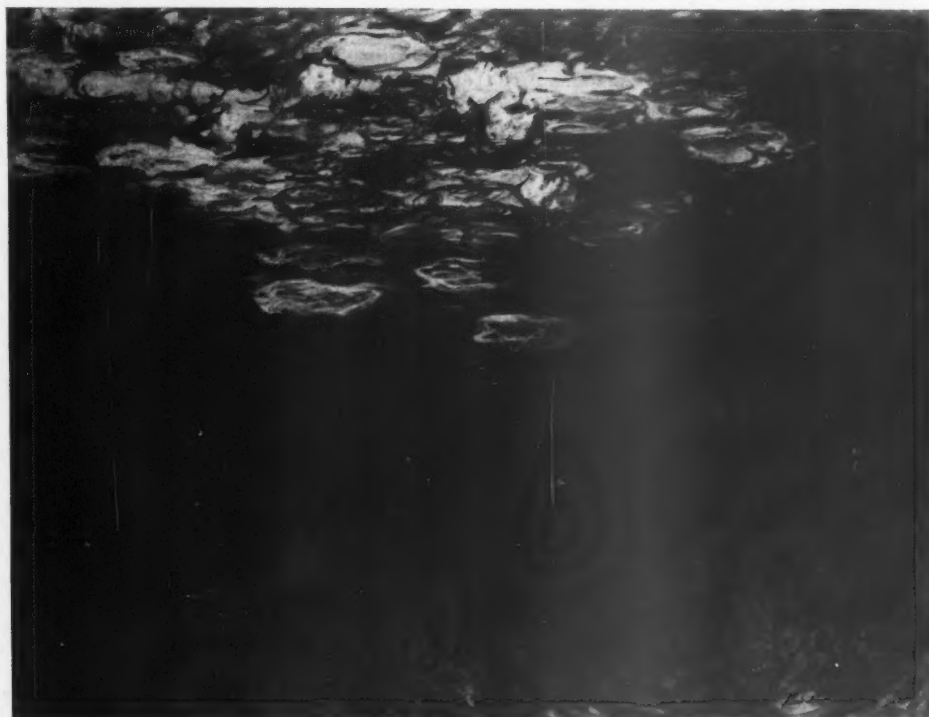
opposite grounds. We need not choose the most boorish critics, either. Lionello Venturi has stated flatly that the water-lily series was Monet's "gravest artistic error," but it is in the writings of the venerable Roger Fry that one finds the criticism of Monet which is likely to astound us today, caught as we are in the full flush of what everybody agrees to call his "abstract impressionism." Of all things, Fry found these paintings too utterly abandoned to the representational impulse, so completely given over to naturalism as to be "scientific." He compared them, in fact, to Zola's novels! I think it is worth quoting him on Monet's method: "He cared only to reproduce on his canvas the actual sensation as far as that was possible. Perhaps if one had objected to him that this was equivalent to abandoning art, which has always been an interpretation of appearances in relation to certain human values, he would have been unmoved because he aimed almost exclusively at a scientific documentation of appearances." And on the water-lily paintings in the Orangerie: "We get the effect of an imagery with no boundaries, just as we do in an actual scene where we can turn in any direction. There is no attempt to organize the vision in any way, there is no pattern, no apparent rhythm. Such unity as there is depends on the uniform quality of the texture."

These are not the observations of an ignorant man; and while I believe they do not define Monet's purpose in his late period—though they come very close, as I shall try to make clear in a moment—they do serve to restore one term in the dialectic of Monet's imagination which tends to get overlooked at the moment, the term deeply rooted in the naturalistic foundations of impressionism. What makes Monet's achievement so baffling is that he arrived ultimately at a style whose components we are used to regarding as separate, incompatible entities, as deriving from opposite cultural impulses. (Wilhelm Worringer, for example, has postulated a brilliant theory based on this separation of naturalism and abstraction.) There is nothing in our thinking about modern painting to prepare us for their convergence in this particular way, and since we have no way of thinking about it, we are inevitably caught in an error very much like Fry's—only in this generation it is the thing to speak of these paintings as if they had no naturalistic

basis at all.\* For Monet, however, this naturalistic interest was scarcely negligible. The care which he lavished on the creation of his water garden at Giverny should remind us of that. It is the leitmotif in Clemenceau's *hommage* to the painter, as it must be in any account of Monet's last years. But above all, it is the leitmotif in the paintings themselves, even in these last years when Monet was so removed from the facile descriptiveness of his early work; even when, with his eyesight failing and his mind swarming with images which seemed to have no fixed properties, he painted a subject which no one before him had ever imagined.

The paintings in the Knoedler exhibition all date from the period after 1916 when Monet had a studio built adjacent to his water garden at Giverny for the purpose of carrying out this last cycle of his career. Most of the paintings are from a group overlooked in Monet's studio until last year—an oversight all the more fantastic when one realizes that three of them are each the size of the one acquired by the Museum of Modern Art, something beyond fifteen feet long, and the "smaller" pictures are quite large too. (They were exhibited in New York, together with a few works from private collections, after an initial showing in Paris.) They vary in their details, but they all partake of the same world: a world in which sky and clouds and mist and water lilies and river grass and willows and underwater flora all converge, unhampered and undivided by horizon lines or by spatial demarcations derived from fixed perspectives. All elements are consumed in their own reflection and counter-reflection on the pond's surface and by their proliferating refraction in the air above and the water below. As these convergences become more and more intricate, the surfaces of the pictures lose their details in large areas of marine, lavender or roseate light in which the last particularities of the *mise en scène* give way to forms of an entirely new order.

\*There were several paintings in the Knoedler exhibition which gave a compelling authority to this view, but I do not believe they were the best paintings in the group. In particular, the three smaller works with dark, encrusted surfaces struck me as completely deficient in the characteristic felicities of Monet's art.



Claude Monet, LES NYMPHEAS  
(c. 1916-1926); at Knoedler's.

## MONTH IN REVIEW

To define this order we must go beyond these proliferations of light and shade, object and atmosphere, to the vaster subject which pervades these paintings, to the subject which Fry touched on when he emphasized Monet's preoccupation with sensation.

For it was nothing less than the fluidity of sensation itself which came ultimately to occupy the center of Monet's interest—sensation perceived as a continuous interweaving of the particles of experience, unfettered in its headlong course by any single, discrete moment of exact definition, but, on the contrary, each moment of perception and the memory of perception impinging upon and submitting to the sweet flux of all sensation as it unfolds itself to the senses. And for this subject—if something so impossible, so devastating to accepted notions of pictorial ideas, can be called a "subject"—for this Monet refined his habitual feathery brushstroke into an instrument incredibly sensitive and far-reaching; each one of these dazzling touches became itself a painterly equivalent of the sensation whose trajectory was woven into the swirling skeins of color and light which traced out an infinite course. Thus, as Fry noted, only the *textural* qualities of the surface could ultimately preserve the integrity of these paintings whose subject had moved them beyond the reach of received ideas of structure.

In these final paintings, then, Monet stands as the polar opposite of Cézanne, and it was doubtless for this reason that Fry rejected them and that many will follow in Fry's example. While each was heroic in his vision, the one submitted his art to the onrushing course of sensation—in fact, to the outermost circumference of the impressionist ideal; the other defined his task in the very triumph over this ideal, in a search for permanence beyond the flux, in forms which might arrest the flow of sensation and make out of it an immutable image.

**I**N Reginald Pollack's new paintings at the Peridot Gallery (October 22–November 16) it is Cézanne whose influence still holds sway. (There is nothing of Monet's late style here.) Mr. Pollack has never disguised his artistic allegiances; for most of the decade since the close of World War II he has lived the life of an American expatriate in Paris, immersing himself in the modern French tradition whose grammar he now commands with an enviable authority. What we might call the *rhetoric* of this style is what is sometimes troublesome in his work, for it is there that his own artistic personality must pit itself against the disciplines to which he has submitted his art and come up with something more than an assimilated manner.

Reginald Pollack, *INTERIOR II* (1956); at Peridot.



The current exhibition is made up largely of interior scenes painted in cool color—scenes which necessitate the division of a shallow space into forms which will dramatize, by the juxtaposition of their values, the nuances of interior light. Or rather—as in most of the new pictures—the nuances of shade. It is the cool shadows of these interiors which occupy the center of interest and which introduce a pervasive, sometimes unrelieved blue into the artist's palette as a dominating color. This color is frequently characterized by a mat-like texture which I do not find particularly attractive, but in one of the best pictures in the show, the vertical *Still Life* (1956), it is used with great skill: the hard texture of the shadow is played off against the more richly textured still-life arrangement, which, handsomely painted to embody a luminosity which pours forth from just below the center of the picture, is nonetheless joined to the shadow in a unity which is counterposed to the long vertical form of exterior light introduced by the window at the right-hand margin. In another painting, *Interior II* (1956), this juxtaposition of texture is eschewed in favor of a unified surface which embodies the felicities of a rich brush in every area of the composition. The new dominating blue, elsewhere so insistent, is here assimilated in an atmosphere of warm and gray tones, and the inevitable contrasts of interior and exterior light (coming through the window at the top center of the picture plane) are handled in a brilliant display of "French" brushwork, in this case closer to Renoir and Bonnard than to Cézanne. Here too the quasi-architectural division of the surface is more explicitly under the authority of the brush; there is no area which speaks of indifference, and none which admits those arbitrary elements of design which so often destroy pictures of this kind, reducing them to decorative chic. This work, and the long horizontal *Interior IV*, in which all of Pollack's current themes are orchestrated with great range and audacity, are the handsomest paintings in the exhibition. In them his command of French rhetoric is equal to his mastery of its grammar, which means, I think, that he has succeeded in what he set out to do.

**N**UANCE is just about the last possible interest one would look for in the paintings of Stuart Davis, whose new work—nine paintings and six gouaches—is now installed at the Downtown Gallery (November 6–December 1). Davis has his connections with the European tradition, particularly with Picasso and Léger, yet for the most part he practices an independent art whose characteristics are more directly related to his own personality and his own view of the American scene than to any esthetic canon. In fact, the range of his artistic ideas is small, but he plays them for all they are worth, and I think it is a measure of his success that any judgment of his work must inevitably touch upon the American experience with which it is so intimately involved, and, in a sense, judge *that* too. There is something truly indigenous in it, and because of this, something which may be truly disquieting.

Davis began his career as a student of Robert Henri, and while still in his teens he was associated with The Eight, several of whom were personal friends of his father's, who was, like them, a newspaper artist. Davis himself worked for a while as an illustrator for *The Masses* and *Harper's Weekly*. What undoubtedly separated him from the artistic milieu of his adolescence—from the Ash Can School and the parochial view of reality which it represented—was the Armory Show, which took place when he was nineteen. Thereafter he saw the world in which he lived—principally New York, but also Paris and Cape Ann—in a way which had been licensed by the color and forms of modern European painting. From the early twenties onward his own work was "modern" in this sense.

Yet it strikes me that Davis's real achievement consists in his having brought the Ash Can School over into the twentieth century, in having stripped it of its romanticism (but not its sentimentality) and made it face up to the bright new vulgarities of our mechanistic civilization. In the process he substituted for the realism of his elders a montage-like abstraction



Stuart Davis, *STELE* (1956);  
at Downtown.

which derived its components from the urban life around him but which were now, under the dispensations of modernism, purified and re-designed to form a more direct plastic equivalent of the local emotion he was trying to convey.

In the new paintings at the Downtown Gallery this tendency to purism is clearer than ever before. The details which used to crowd Davis's paintings, imparting to them a busyness and excitement apposite to his subject, have now given way to a few basic forms, each clean-edged, blunt in color, self-enclosed, and having no traffic with other forms (or colors) except by juxtaposition and overlay. In a work like *Stele* (1956) he has purified his themes into a kind of dream urbanity; with its pure white frame, black ground and scissor-edged forms in red, white, blue and green, it surely qualifies as the cleanest painting made in New York since the death of Mondrian. But we have only to remind ourselves that it was painted in one of the dirtiest cities in the world to see that it is no longer a direct look at the urban environment which motivates this style but, on the contrary, some form of city-dweller's wish-fulfillment. Davis has brought his

art as far from the romantic squalor of the Ash Can School as it can go, but he has capped it with a sentimentality of his own.

Or is it his own? That is one of the disquieting questions which one must ask about his work, for just as the Ash Can painters touched upon something genuine in their images of American life, Davis too has his own vein of truth, his truly indigenous side. It consists, I believe, in fastening upon the whole vulgar surface of New York—everything that is cheap, bright, brassy, neon-lighted and visually overstated in the urban scene—and making out of it an artistic statement for its vitality. I suspect that anyone who finds these qualities in our civilization distasteful will never be very comfortable in the presence of Davis's work, but that—as I said earlier—may be a measure of his success. What may not be is the extent to which this ambiguous vitality has now, in his latest work, passed into a realm of pure ideality. For myself, it has too much the quality of fantasy—of a past recalled and iced over with sentiment, rather than of the present seen and felt anew—to strike very deep.



# RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION

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## MARGARET BREUNING *Writes:*

The achievement of "The Eight" . . . Jawlensky attains his merited recognition . . . Chagall's Arabian Nights . . . a new amplitude in Stephen Etnier's powers . . . the Downtown Gallery's thirty-first annual . . .



**Maurice Prendergast, THE  
ROUGE, Lehigh University  
Collection; at the Krau-  
shaar Galleries.**

AN EXHIBITION of "The Eight," at the Kraushaar Galleries, forms a record, in its differing phases of work, of the revolt against an officialdom that discouraged originality and upheld outworn conventions of art. One realizes from this showing that the group did not constitute a "movement," but rather the personal struggles of individual artists for the right to develop innate gifts without the hampering of academic restrictions. The emphasis on individuality marks the whole showing. In the canvas *Silvered Heights*, by Arthur B. Davies, which suggests the figures of an Attic vase, this artist, both a classicist and a romantic, makes an adventurous foray into expression antagonistic to the regimented standards of the Academy. Drawing inspiration equally from antiquity and modern life, he contended that the artist should be governed only by his personal inclinations. His tireless devotion to the organization of the Armory Show marks the sincerity of his belief. A large figure canvas by William J. Glackens, perhaps the *clou* of the exhibition, reveals the influence of Manet in its modeling of figures in broad, flat planes with contours enhanced by color harmonies, particularly of ivory-white and pale rose, the whole plastic design unified by the light planes defining the figures without shadows apparent. Robert Henri's *Storm Tide* is an example of his brilliance as a landscape painter, although this phase of his work is often forgotten. As an inspired teacher, whose influence cannot be overestimated, and as a determined opponent of the entrenched reactionaries who controlled the awarding of prizes in official exhibitions, he was largely responsible for the freedom of opportunity which young artists enjoy today. Ernest Lawson's landscapes infuse an ordinary scene with a magical quality through richness of surfaces and through the artist's delicate perception of gradations of light and atmosphere. The large figure canvas by Maurice Prendergast is a tapestry woven of flickering color and tremulous lights; its subtle contrasts of color and its rhythmic pattern of answering contours form an enchanting pageant of figures in landscape. John Sloan, George Luks and Everett Shinn, taking their subjects usually from the Lower East Side, received the title of "Ash-

Can Artists" from the academic esthetes. Sloan's early training as an illustrator had sharpened his observation so that he ably characterized the raucous figures that jostled one another on the crowded streets, yet his craftsmanship enabled him to give pictorial authority to these crowded scenes through sound design and effective color pattern. George Luks, often a slovenly artist but at his best a distinguished one, virtually attains the stature of a Hals in his near-monumental rendering of *Nora Brady*. Shinn's painting of a dreary backyard scene in winter, its solitary figure competing for attention with flapping wash on the line, possesses, for all its depressing subject matter, a delicate grace in its distinctive handling. (Kraushaar, Oct. 8-27.)

ALTHOUGH expressionism in its varied forms (and how varied!) is greatly admired and widely practiced here by the contemporary *avant-garde*, it is doubtful if many of the enthusiasts are familiar with the work of one of its important exponents, Jawlensky; this may be due to the fact that the artist has only seldom been exhibited in this country, and then usually in group showings. An early still life of his, shown in the exhibition of his work at the Kleeman Galleries, reveals him working in traditional formulas. His contact with Kandinsky, in Munich, completely changed his esthetics. He became a member of Kandinsky's "Blue Rider" group, which adopted the leader's emphasis on color and his belief that finally it would convey to the eye what music does to the ear. Jawlensky's canvases from 1909 to 1911, also included here, show his striving for new artistic expression. One of them, a landscape, *Prerouv*, indicates his progress in this esthetic adjustment in its brilliant color and its synthesis, rather than description, of forms. By 1912 his style had definitely crystallized, in a series of figure paintings that are markedly Slavonic but also display an Oriental influence with their indifference to objective fact in the search for its mystical significance. Local color is completely abandoned for broad areas of contrasting brilliant hues orchestrated into striking designs. These canvases, carried out in clamant color with skillful brushing, convey emotional keynotes to the subjects de-

picted, as they also reflect the inner life of the artist himself. They all procure a powerful immediacy of impression. Occasionally Jawlensky diverges from this vehemency of expression, as in a canvas showing flowers carelessly strewn across a canvas with blurred contours and irregular patches of color, achieving a *tachisme* more marked than that of Monet's *Nymphéas*.

Also displayed in this gallery is a group of thirteen color lithographs by Chagall, illustrations for the *Arabian Nights*. This collection includes one hundred separation plates in such variation of color patterns that they seem to express different conceptions. They contain all this artist's familiar symbols, all his Russian fantasy felicitously interpreting Oriental themes. Their melting colors spreading over entire plates form a poetical rhapsody of decorative design. (Kleemann: Jawlensky, Nov. 12-Dec. 15; Chagall, Sept. 15-Oct. 13.)

RECENT paintings by Stephen Etnier, at the Milch Galleries, mark a definite increase in the amplitude of his powers. Lucent waters and shimmering blue skies still form important motives of his canvases, but an enriched palette in more concentrated design enhances pictorial effects. This gain is especially apparent in the paintings of Nassau, such as the race canvases or a street scene in which a row of low buildings display areas of bright color, merging with light planes in composite brilliance. The augmented coherence of design preserves soundness of structure, while admitting opulence of well-integrated detail. Among the Maine subjects, the canvas *Two Crows* suggests a Japanese print in its filigree of pattern against a monotone of neutral background. The dramatic *Arthur and the Bell* was especially noted. (Milch, Nov. 5-24.)

THE thirty-first annual at the Downtown Gallery comprises paintings and sculpture by the artists on its permanent roster. Some of the canvases are retrospective in their development of a previous theme, now enriched and amplified. Such a painting is Stuart Davis' *Memo*, a brilliant design, which for all its cerebral approach, exemplifying many of his theories of form and color, yet possesses a distinctly melodic quality. In his street scene the artist displays his ability to transmute a visual experience into a synthesis of its forms and shapes in emotional balance and sustained equilibrium of color areas. Charles Sheeler has also reached back to an earlier ideology in his *San Francisco*, intricately composed in glowing hues, a decided contrast to his more familiar work, hanging nearby, in which precise definition of simplified forms reminds one that "to be precise is to be elegant." Ben Shahn's *Folk Song*, escaping from ironic comment or social content, is pure lyricism. Its tender color enhances the fragility of its theme. Georgia O'Keeffe's impeccable craftsmanship and deceptive simplicity infuse stark themes with mystery, a secretive inner significance that is inescapable. Her painting of a proliferating tree against a warm sky appears a poetic seizure of the universal in particular detail. William Zorach's marble figure attains totality of monumental impression despite its small proportions, the solidity of its structure not militating against its seductive appeal, its rhythmic contours and beauty of fluent surfaces not detracting from a majesty of design. And for good measure two artists not on the gallery roster contribute work—Jacob Epstein a vital head of Albert Einstein, Max Weber three canvases of totally differing conceptions, carried out in terms apposite to their imaginative themes with a piquant mingling of boldness and delicacy. (Downtown, Oct. 9-Nov. 3.)

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# IN THE GALLERIES

**Fifty-seven Collages by Kurt Schwitters:** One after another, these collages present a perfection that avoids both the slickness and smartness that much of modern advertising and design seems to have developed out of Schwitters' example. The works of the twenties and thirties with their orderliness and precision, their sense of importance and value given to each scrap and fragment of paper or printing, provide some handsome specimens of Schwitters' achievement—the oval composition *Blaukreuz* of 1921, the *Bordeaux* of 1926 and the delicate Klee-like *Okolade* of the same year. Among the more densely figured, more roughly textured works of the forties there are equally fine pieces, the *Kurt Schwitters Will Recite* of 1946 and the *Merz #19* and *Green and Red*, both of 1947, works which seem to strive for a kind of awkwardness. One wonders whether having brought the earlier pieces to a perfection of their precise kind, Schwitters swung into a different direction in order to avoid just that slickness which results from repetition. In its tasteful selection and generous sampling of his art, the current exhibition is a most impressive presentation of Schwitters as well as one of the important shows of the season. (Sidney Janis, Oct. 22-Nov. 22.)—J.R.M.

**Marca-Relli:** It is not only in physical dimension that these recent works have grown; their qualitative stature has likewise increased. Thus one moves from the smaller, earlier collages, with their pastings of delicately singed brown cloth, to new canvases of breathtaking scale and authority. *Battle* suggests an intermediate phase, where the earlier beige-brown tonalities collide in crashing conflict with austere white-blacks, producing a majestic collage whose dramatic vitality is matched by a palette whose nuance has rarely been seen since the days of analytic cubism. *Upheaval* is, if anything, even more furious, compact, and elegant. Here these cloth patches quiver with animation to weave out an ascetic whirlpool of blacks and whites, a Spartan drama alleviated only by piquant whispers of turquoise, yellow, olive. Or for another demonstration of Marca-Relli's power to re-create the quicksilver spaces of the late Gorky, one may turn to the still more austere and elegant *Trial*,

where white cuttings expand and contract, suspended in taut, inky-black scaffoldings which alternate as interstices and positive shapes. Given such intensity of pictorial drama, suppleness of detail and breadth of scope, Marca-Relli can only emerge as one of the finest artists of his generation and one who can now rival the best of Guston, Kline, De Kooning. This show is a major event. (Stable, Nov. 5-Dec. 1.)—R.R.

**Rodin to Lipchitz, Part II:** A beautiful if somewhat crowded show, it repeats the success of a similar exhibition held by the gallery at the beginning of last season. The authority of Rodin, represented by a number of sculptures, remains impressive. In the context of the present exhibition, one sees the influence in Lipchitz's *Flight* and in the two small, beautiful Matisse's, the early *Madeleine II* of 1903 and the *Reclining Nude III* of 1929. For one viewer, the German sculpture comes off badly, a series of frozen gestures coupled with a deadening thoroughness of conception (Barlach's *Singing Women* or Marks' *Seated Girl*), but there is a wealth of fine works on view, including Brancusi's *Endless Column*, Picasso's *Angry Owl* and the Lipchitz *Pilgrim*. (Fine Arts Associates, Oct. 9-Nov. 3.)—J.R.M.

**José de Creeft:** This veteran American stone-carver once again shows those qualities of suppleness and strength which have won him a permanent place in the art of our time. The outstanding work in the current show is undoubtedly the superb head of the late George Bernard Shaw, in which the strength and character of the subject are given massive sculptural equivalents. Elsewhere the great sensitivity of De Creeft's rounded forms, which always speak for a supremely knowledgeable technique as well as for their capacity to represent human forms with a deft understanding, reasserts the particular strength which we have come to associate with the man. (Contemporaries, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.)—G.L.

**André Lhote:** Some twenty-five paintings are assembled in this first comprehensive exhibition in America of one of France's leading older painters. Cubism's beginning is seen in the early *Ou-*

*vriers sur le port* and *Bordeaux*, July 14 (1913 and 1914, respectively) in which Lhote's principal concern is the organization of space into shifting planes, always rhythmic and always in motion. The advancing interest in color as a source of spatial form is recorded in the later paintings (1947-1956), particularly in the *Palmiers de Thèbes*. In the later canvases color becomes flatter, and carefully selected, while the movement of planes becomes more organic so that the figures now have a tighter relationship to the spatial organization around them. Some of the landscapes and two impressive, late nudes reflect Lhote's romance with Egypt and Egyptian art; the flat, muted colors and geometric angles flow in long sensuous planes. (Brentano's Galerie Moderne, Oct. 15-Nov. 2.)—G.L.

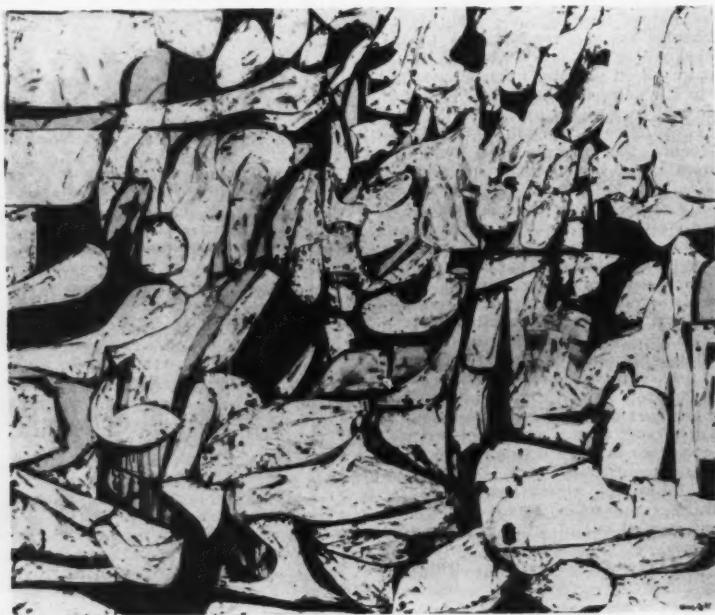
**Edward Millman:** The gripping excitement of Millman's canvases resides in a pictorial paradox, above all the interplay between flux and permanence, vapor and density. *Blue Incident* is a case in point. At one moment, these icy blue-green planes crystallize—as in the late Cézanne—into the firmness of rock, and at the next, they dissolve into a fugitive haze. In the same way, the ragged black scaffolding of this work alternately seems to release or imprison forms. These arresting ambiguities can be equally enjoyed in such other major statements as *Red Garden*, with its searing colors, which are both flame and cold mineral; or in *A Prospect of the Garden*, whose combustive airiness is just at the point of complete dematerialization when it suddenly congeals again into tangible golden flowers. Together with these rich formal tensions, Millman's canvases offer the hedonistic rewards of an unfailingly seductive paint surface, rich in both color and texture. (Alan, Oct. 22-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Oscar Bluemner:** A retrospective show, ranging from 1913 through 1934, demonstrates the artist's preoccupation with color, color not only as form but also as feeling. In effect, the specific emotion generated in Bluemner's colors determined their forms, so that landscapes were psychological reconstructions in which vermilion and yellow and black played against each other to set up tensions. The landscapes themselves appear curiously rocklike and mechanical with masses overcoming their contours. It is in the paintings in brown, black and white, like *Radiant Night*, painted shortly before Bluemner died, that the concentrations of color function most strongly to present subjects as well as emotional

**Kurt Schwitters, BORDEAUX;**  
at the Sidney Janis Gallery.



**Marca-Relli, THE UPHEAVAL;**  
at the Stable Gallery.





reactions to pure color. (James Graham, Nov. 15-Dec. 10.)—G.L.

**Luciano Minguzzi:** Minguzzi was one of the sculptors included in "The New Decade" exhibition of European art at the Museum of Modern Art last year. Now with a more complete group of bronzes in his first one-man show in America he confirms the talent and virtuosity that were suggested in that earlier appearance. The plasticity and suppleness in his male and female figures lend an admirable sense of motion, of sudden action, to the sculptural contours, and one is at first surprised at this quality because of the formal construction of the figures themselves. Minguzzi's women, most clearly expressed in his female acrobats, are Italian after all, and their broad, child-bearing hips and heavy, rounded shoulders convey an expected mass and weight. But the sculptor transforms this mass into forms which, while adhering to their descriptive functions, have a decisive life of their own. The arms are always a rounded, flexible arc, not bent at the elbow but thickened and curved; the legs, as in the excellent *Woman on a Swing*, taper in one smooth curved contour from thick, sensual hips to narrow, delicate ankles. Minguzzi has included two handsome bronzes of roosters, where again mass and action are portrayed in sweeping, solid planes, as well as a group of figures portrayed together, seated, standing in a circle with hands joined, and poised, balanced together in acrobatic stunts. (Viviano, Nov. 12-Dec. 8.)—G.L.

**Harry Sternberg:** A social expressionist, Sternberg seizes on such fragments as dowagers, nightclub clients, urban equestrians and sun bathers and attempts to activate them with pictorial drama. But these bloated forms, torrid colors and mottled brushstrokes connote an emotional urgency which is rarely corroborated by the conception of the subjects, with results which are usually too broad for incisive social satire and which are at times (as in *The Unwilling Cow*) downright silly. This tempest in a teapot, however, should not obscure Sternberg's very genuine pictorial gifts, which can be seen to advantage in his seductive use of gold paint or in the succulent glitter of canvases like *Love or Beach*. (A.C.A., Oct. 22-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Drawings:** There are some surprises and expected triumphs in this exhibition of drawings by moderns and old masters. A delicate, thin-

lined landscape by Blake is one of the more agreeable drawings in the show as is also the strong Tintoretto, *The Prophet Zacharias*. A still life of flowers drawn by Demuth, a clear, flowing Gainsborough landscape, a slouching *Boy in Dungarees* of Walter Stuepmph's, several meticulous seventeenth-century Dutch drawings, two early primitive scenes by Edward Lear and a rather disappointing Tchelitchev contribute to the roster. Outstanding, however, are two Fuseli drawings, *Prometheus* and *Winds Emerging from a Cavern*, in which the romantic image of the Greek themes is brilliantly reconstructed. (Durlacher, Oct. 30-Nov. 24.)—G.L.

**Mathias Goeritz:** This well-known European sculptor and painter exhibits for the first time in America with a collection of twenty-seven pieces of sculpture in wood and bronze along with ten wash drawings, all of them executed in Mexico during the last six years. Goeritz's figures are solid and rocklike, with an indestructible, almost monolithic density which testifies to a very particular sculptural commitment. It suggests a curious combination of primitive influences with that of the German expressionists, but whatever its stylistic origins, it is exactly suited to the enormity of the subject to which it addresses itself: the suffering and crucifixion of man. In several works of the current group—*Old Man*, *Crucifixion* and *The Neurotic*—his methods and his vision are perfectly united. (Carstairs, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—G.L.

**Laura Ziegler:** Miss Ziegler's sculpture (in bronze) is distinguished by its delicate, solemn planes and a peculiarly American spontaneity. It is a viewpoint that reflects a less sophisticated America than one sees today, one that characterized this country in the twenties with its particular attachment to the naïve and the spontaneous. In this sense her figures could be characters in a novel of the period: *The Girl with a Pigtail* and *Portrait* carry with them the American theme of innocence evolving out of spontaneity; her *Clown* and *Harlequin*, both long-limbed, solid, straight planes, reflect the romantic disenchantment so prevalent in the days of the "lost generation." Similarly, her sense of detail has a novelist's touch about it, so that the heavy coat on the dowager and the jacket on an Italian workman and the friar's robe are details carefully selected to render character. Even her European figures—the man working with a pickaxe, the worker propped on his chair

during lunch hour—these have again the delicate touch of irony that an American sensibility romanticizes. Formally, there is the heavy influence of Fazzini with whom Miss Ziegler studied in Italy for three years, but the capricious, ironic sensibility is completely her own. (Duveen-Graham, Nov. 6-24.)—G.L.

**Robert Andrew Parker:** This exhibition of watercolors by one of the most talented younger painters in New York is a constant delight. The soldiers and the battle scenes on Parker's imaginary Goncho Island are witty and ironic, and they contain the elements of what we now call "an old-fashioned war," that is, men and horses bungling against other men and horses, with the show, the detail of costume and the personal weapon all important. Parker's faint, sharp lines always understate here, suggesting exact, rich details in the dress of the officers in the foreground, and ironically parodying the battle in the mass of stick lines that portray soldiers winding through the hills, climbing rocks, and disembarking from their boats, always somehow with the hint of plodding confusion. The areas of color here, browns and lightened blue skies, function beautifully as they do also in the other watercolors: the pink satire of the *Woman at the Beach*, the deeper tones of brown that so lightly present the statue on horseback *In the Hague* and permit the observer to flick at the pomposity. There are also jostling crowded studies of cities and some fine watercolors of machines of a pre-atomic era. In these the age itself, the early part of the century, is Parker's primary subject, and it becomes a springboard from which to contrast and parody our present turmoil. (Roko, Oct. 22-Nov. 14.)—G.L.

**A. Paris Guetersloh:** An Austrian writer and painter whose long career has been marked by the alternate ascendancy of his literary and artistic endeavors, Guetersloh is now professor of painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Author of many successful novels and prolific artist in the graphic media as well as in oils, he is also a miniaturist of the most amazing skill, and it is his miniatures in gouache which we are given an opportunity to view in the present exhibition. Most of these are no larger than the average sheet of notepaper, yet everything, from the hairs of a dog to the leaves on a tree, is rendered in precisely enumerated detail. There is that combination of the burlesque humor and the romantic imagination, the whimsical and the

Luciano Minguzzi, L'ALTALENA; at the Catherine Viviano Gallery.



Mathias Goeritz, THE PROPHET; at the Carstairs Gallery.



Robert Andrew Parker, IN THE HAGUE; at the Roko Gallery.



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## IN THE GALLERIES

matter-of-fact, which is so much a product of his nationality and which suggests the story-book illustration as well as the earlier antecedents of Austrian baroque. The paint is applied most meticulously with a fine dry brush to give an almost enameled appearance to these delicate domestic scenes and views of the artist with his model which have the air of being not only from another land but from another era. (Artists, Nov. 2-23.)—M.S.

**Seven Americans:** Although the occasion for this show, like many of the opening exhibitions this season, was the publication of the Rudi Blesch book *Modern Art, USA*, the paintings themselves presented some interesting relationships on their own. One discovered the largesse of Rothko's world, particularly in his expansive, sunny *Orange and Yellow, 1956*, when seen with Albers' schoolmasterly arrangements of strictly edged bands, stripes and squares of color. The Gorky *Water of the Flower Mill (1944)*, a composition in red-browns, ochres and orange-yellows, full of liquid shapes and undulating rhythms, when seen in the context of large paintings by Kline and De Kooning, points up the difficult problem which Gorky seems to have set up for himself, that of preserving the linear contour that defines his shapes and the illusion of depth in which they are set while developing a style that tends to bring the painting to its surface at the expense of such illusory space. The late Jackson Pollock is represented by one of the familiar "drip" paintings and by the large canvas *Scent* (reportedly his last), with its thick interlacings of paint, its surface somehow reminiscent of Monticelli. Two large paintings by Guston completed the exhibition, *Dial* and *Voyage*, both recent works. (Sidney Janis, Sept. 24-Oct. 20.)—J.R.M.

**Stella Mertens:** Translating an essentially fauve viewpoint into a personal style, Miss Mertens weaves together vividly colored still lifes and landscapes with a crackling and fascinatingly irregular linear network. If these brilliant patchwork quilts of color are invariably persuasive, it is because they combine the virtues of a vigorous, naïve exuberance in the handling of paint and color with a highly disciplined structural framework. In her portraits, Miss Mertens deviates from these sensuous complexities, offering a radical simplification which, while focusing on heads and hands alone, nevertheless manages to make incisive psychological statements. (Circ. Library of Paintings, Oct. 26-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Nicolas de Staël:** The tranquillity of these works, particularly of the later landscapes, the calm horizontal strips of rich blues and deep grays counterpointed by clustered squares of blacks, whites and reds, the air of breadth and ease which pervades them, speak for the ripeness of De Staël's talent during his last years. The twenty-two works in this exhibition, circulating throughout the country under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, range from the thickly painted surfaces, the interlaced colors of the compositions of 1946-47 to the more broadly organized and serene landscapes of *La Ciotat* and *Honfleur* and the simple still lifes, like *The White Bowl*, which were completed during the last three years of the artist's life. It is difficult to think of a more valuable tribute to De Staël's art than the statement which this admirably selected group of his paintings make for themselves. (Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, Oct. 1-18.)—J.R.M.

**Roger Selchow:** An interesting development marks three distinct phases of the artist's work which has, nonetheless, a pervasive unity. There is first a preoccupation with space broken into color, through prisms and planes. Then the movement alters slightly and shifts toward the large field of space lanced by rectilinear lines that ride off the edge of the canvas; this space retains its color, but it is changed by a new linear perspective, looking as though large, thin-lined doors were opening onto the canvas from different angles. The artist moves away from a symmetrical format in another phase



Francis Picabia, PRINTEMPS:  
at the Rose Fried Gallery.

and turns his geometrics into a looser style in which curved and bent lines are employed with small, asymmetrical patches of color, creating a subtle relationship between the rigidity of design and flow of movement. Throughout there is present a clear draftsmanship and a consistent control. (Delacorte, Nov. 8-24.)—G.L.

**Modern Masters:** Selecting the outstanding paintings in this exhibition of twentieth-century art would be a difficult task. There are five late Léger watercolors that are in a freer style than most of his work; two Picabias, with one of them, *Spring*, reminding us how humorous a painter he can be at times; several Schlemmers which provide a fine perspective on Bauhaus painting; and a strong, fine oil by Jean Metzinger. All schools and media are represented too, with several pleasing Kupka pastels, a clean, balanced collage by Ben Nicholson, a pencil drawing and a watercolor by Severini, a recent gouache by Tobey and of course offerings by Picasso in oil, gouache and ink drawing. Two of the early Picassos are from Gertrude Stein's collection, but in general this section of the exhibition is disappointing. (Rose Fried, Oct. 22-Nov. 30.)—G.L.

**Jerry Walter:** If the ragged energies of these abstractions are arresting, they rarely coalesce to form a coherent statement. Rather, one admires occasional fragments of these swift, rough-edged forms and harsh colors without finding the necessary syntax which would relate them. Happily, however, two of these works, *After the Ball* and *A Little Strut* (titles which, like most of the others, have no pictorial reference that I can make out), achieve a greater stylistic consistency. Here Walter's too-frequent diffuseness is countered by a more widespread surface activity and a greater rhythmical fluency, with results which depend heavily, though not fatally, upon the early Kandinsky. (Chase, Nov. 5-17.)—R.R.

**Edward Dugmore:** In these recent canvases, the tense and stark asymmetries of Dugmore's earlier high achievement have been abandoned in favor of an exploration of new problems. These involve the over-all activation of the picture surface and the suggestion of dense, interwoven veils of paint by clustering brushstrokes about strong, but imprecise, vertical striations.

If the first effect of these monumental forests of rough-edged colors may appear repetitive, closer scrutiny reveals more than enough subtlety of form and expression to assert the uniqueness of each canvas. These works can scorch like #6, with its torrential, climbing reds, already invading the cooler edges; they can soothe like #10, with its damp and misty mergings of gray, black, blue; or they can sputter and crackle with the blistering yellows, reds and blues of #4. And throughout, natural images are evoked, whether it be the gentleness of rain or the terror of fire. In all cases, these new Dugmores are compelling by virtue of their combination of a heroic breadth of scale with a maximum of nuance. (Stable, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—R.R.

**Kenzo Okada:** In all of Okada's paintings in this exhibition the painting itself—the canvas as an object—is the primary experience, not the emotional convolutions of the artistic act, nor the painter's emotions psychologically reconstructed for the viewer. As such the paintings have a purity rarely seen. The forms are carefully defined and suspended in space, the color (muted browns, blues and grays) applied with exactitude. The relationships established between the irregular shapes and the soft color form an imagery whose effects are restrained and consoling. (Parsons, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—G.L.

**Spiral Group and Job Goodman Memorial Show:** This season the Spiral Group is presenting its annual exhibition together with a memorial show devoted to the work of the late Job Goodman, founder of the group. The room devoted entirely to his work demonstrates the full range of his talent which was constantly experimenting with a variety of painterly means. The still lifes brought together here are the most impressive statement of that talent, and throughout the show one is impressed by the extent to which the artist's personal mysticism makes itself felt over and above its particular embodiments.

In the Spiral Group itself, it is Peter Blanc's splendid expressionist painting of a Kabuki dancer, in which oval forms under the authority of an agile brush create an illusion of whirling, ritualistic motion, which is most outstanding. Notable too are works by Margaret Mullin, James Sterling, Gertrude Shibley, Joseph Meert and Beatrice Mandelman. (Riverside Museum, Oct. 7-25.)—G.L.

**Jennings Tofel:** Despite the vigor and exuberance of the brushstrokes and the distortions of the figures, Tofel's expressionism is of a moderate and understated nature. Perhaps this is because of the all-over sameness of the treatment, the lack of accentuation, and the generalization of the figures until they are more like ciphers than people. Each canvas presents a cluster of gesturing, jostling figures in relationships embodying a particular mood or event, as implied in the titles—*Departing*, *Visitors*, *Pride*, *Estranged*, *Tidings*—and figures and background alike are fused into a continuous play of light and motion. The quality of the painting itself is perhaps the most striking aspect of the exhibit, which is Tofel's tenth one-man show; he has achieved that perfect harmony of paint, form and content, of freedom and control, which bespeaks the mature and experienced artist. (Artists, Oct. 13-Nov. 1.)—M.S.

**Ruth Gikow:** Painting the grayness of the streets and buildings and inhabitants of Manhattan's upper West Side and the shoddiness of its flashes of color, Ruth Gikow seeks beyond the drabness to find the rich texture of family relationships, children's joys, young girls' dreams and old people's memories which give the neighborhood its life and warmth. There are the gaudiness of a Puerto Rican *Carmen*, the clearly readable emotions of the parties involved in *The Marriage Broker*, the wild glee of little boys with the wide area of demolished buildings at their disposal in *Scooter Brigade* and the ever-present paradoxes of the city in *Sans Souci*. She handles paint in an inventive fashion, adroitly combining transparent washes, opaque palette-

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## IN THE GALLERIES



AN EXHIBITION of "The Eight," at the Kraushaar Galleries, forms a record, in its differing phases of work, of the revolt against an officialdom that discouraged originality and upheld outworn conventions of art. One realizes from this showing that the group did not constitute a "movement," but rather the personal struggles of individual artists for the right to develop innate gifts without the hampering of academic restrictions. The emphasis on individuality marks the whole showing. In the canvas *Silvered Heights*, by Arthur B. Davies, which suggests the figures of an Attic vase, this artist, both a classicist and a romantic, makes an adventurous foray into expression antagonistic to the regimented standards of the Academy. Drawing inspiration equally from antiquity and modern life, he contended that the artist should be governed only by his personal inclinations. His tireless devotion to the organization of the Armory Show marks the sincerity of his belief. A large figure canvas by William J. Glackens, perhaps the *clou* of the exhibition, reveals the influence of Manet in its modeling of figures in broad, flat planes with contours enhanced by color harmonies, particularly of ivory-white and pale rose, the whole plastic design unified by the light planes defining the figures without shadows apparent. Robert Henri's *Storm Tide* is an example of his brilliance as a landscape painter, although this phase of his work is often forgotten. As an inspired teacher, whose influence cannot be overestimated, and as a determined opponent of the entrenched reactionaries who controlled the awarding of prizes in official exhibitions, he was largely responsible for the freedom of opportunity which young artists enjoy today. Ernest Lawson's landscapes infuse an ordinary scene with a magical quality through richness of surfaces and through the artist's delicate perception of gradations of light and atmosphere. The large figure canvas by Maurice Prendergast is a tapestry woven of flickering color and tremulous lights; its subtle contrasts of color and its rhythmic pattern of answering contours form an enchanting pageant of figures in landscape. John Sloan, George Luks and Everett Shinn, taking their subjects usually from the Lower East Side, received the title of "Ash-

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Can Artists" from the academic esthetes. Sloan's early training as an illustrator had sharpened his observation so that he ably characterized the raucous figures that jostled one another on the crowded streets, yet his craftsmanship enabled him to give pictorial authority to these crowded scenes through sound design and effective color pattern. George Luks, often a slovenly artist but at his best a distinguished one, virtually attains the stature of a Hals in his near-monumental rendering of *Nora Brady*. Shinn's painting of a dreary backyard scene in winter, its solitary figure competing for attention with flapping wash on the line, possesses, for all its depressing subject matter, a delicate grace in its distinctive handling. (Kraushaar, Oct. 8-27.)

ALTHOUGH expressionism in its varied forms (and how varied!) is greatly admired and widely practiced here by the contemporary *avant-garde*, it is doubtful if many of the enthusiasts are familiar with the work of one of its important exponents, Jawlensky; this may be due to the fact that the artist has only seldom been exhibited in this country, and then usually in group showings. An early still life of his, shown in the exhibition of his work at the Kleeman Galleries, reveals him working in traditional formulas. His contact with Kandinsky, in Munich, completely changed his esthetics. He became a member of Kandinsky's "Blue Rider" group, which adopted the leader's emphasis on color and his belief that finally it would convey to the eye what music does to the ear. Jawlensky's canvases from 1909 to 1911, also included here, show his striving for new artistic expression. One of them, a landscape, *Prerou*, indicates his progress in this esthetic adjustment in its brilliant color and its synthesis, rather than description, of forms. By 1912 his style had definitely crystallized, in a series of figure paintings that are markedly Slavonic but also display an Oriental influence with their indifference to objective fact in the search for its mystical significance. Local color is completely abandoned for broad areas of contrasting brilliant hues orchestrated into striking designs. These canvases, carried out in clamant color with skillful brushing, convey emotional keynotes to the subjects de-

## IN THE GALLERIES

**Fifty-seven Collages by Kurt Schwitters:** One after another, these collages present a perfection that avoids both the slickness and smartness that much of modern advertising and design seems to have developed out of Schwitters' example. The works of the twenties and thirties with their orderliness and precision, their sense of importance and value given by the

where white cuttings expand and contract, suspended in taut, inky-black scaffoldings which alternate as interstices and positive shapes. Given such intensity of pictorial drama, suppleness of detail and breadth of scope, Marca-Relli can only emerge as one of the finest artists of his generation and one who can now rival the best

vriers sur le port and Bordeaux, July 14 (1913 and 1914, respectively) in which Lhote's principal concern is the organization of space into shifting planes, always rhythmic and always in motion. The advancing interest in color as a source of spatial form is recorded in the later paintings (1947-1956), particularly in the *Palmiers de Thèbes*. In the later canvases color becomes flatter, and carefully selected, while the movement of planes becomes more organic so that the figures now have a tighter relationship to the spatial organization around them. Some of the landscapes and two impressive, late nudes reflect Lhote's romance with Egypt and Egyptian art, the flat, muted colors and geometric

Watteau to Reginald Marsh and develops a kind of ironic sensibility for the prancing, nude, outrageous coyness of the human figure. Also included in the current exhibition is the fine, small, green landscape, *In the Park*. (Davis, Oct. 24-Nov. 17.)—J.R.M.

**Howard Cook:** The labyrinth of the city, with its vertical orientations, from its subterranean depths to its highest pinnacle and all the blind alleys and stairs to nowhere in between, furnishes the inspiration for Howard Cook's complex but never disorganized abstractions. Carefully modulated colors, interspersed with well-organized dark accents, are applied with dry and systematic brushing. The charcoal drawings are subtly balanced with a more tenuous, shimmering quality than is seen in the oils, and a sense

of rate identity, yet the total impression is one of compositional tightness. In one of the most effective paintings, *New Mexico Landscape*, a grid of small irregular shapes projects to the foreground of the canvas and effectively contrasts the larger shapes and colors that mass above it. (Heller, Nov. 6-24.)—G.L.

**Stephen Cook:** Both in his classic repertoire of subjects and his conventional approach to painting, Stephen Cook is a traditionalist. This is not to say that he is merely reworking old themes in an academic manner; on the contrary, the savor of the academy is only in his beautiful workmanship, the thorough grounding in drawing which gives him an ease of accomplishment, and the flawless sense of form which lends an aura of perfection to even the



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esthetes. The augmented conference of design preserves soundness of structure, while admitting opulence of well-integrated detail. Among the Maine subjects, the canvas *Two Crows* suggests a Japanese print in its filigree of pattern against a monotone of neutral background. The dramatic *Arthur and the Bell* was especially noted. (Milch, Nov. 5-24.)

The thirty-first annual at the Downtown Gallery comprises paintings and sculpture by the artists on its permanent roster. Some of the canvases are retrospective in their development of a previous theme, now enriched and amplified. Such a painting is Stuart Davis' *Memo*, a brilliant design, which for all its cerebral approach, exemplifying many of his theories of form and color, yet possesses a distinctly melodic quality. In his street scene the artist displays his ability to transmute a visual experience into a synthesis of its forms and shapes in emotional balance and sustained equilibrium of color areas. Charles Sheeler has also reached back to an earlier ideology in his *San Francisco*, intricately composed in glowing hues, a decided contrast to his more familiar work, hanging nearby, in which precise definition of simplified forms reminds one that "to be precise is to be elegant." Ben Shahn's *Folk Song*, escaping from ironic comment or social content, is pure lyricism. Its tender color enhances the fragility of its theme. Georgia O'Keeffe's impeccable craftsmanship and deceptive simplicity infuse stark themes with mystery, a secretive inner significance that is inescapable. Her painting of a proliferating tree against a warm sky appears a poetic seizure of the universal in particular detail. William Zorach's marble figure attains totality of monumental impression despite its small proportions, the solidity of its structure not militating against its seductive appeal, its rhythmic contours and beauty of fluent surfaces not detracting from a majesty of design. And for good measure two artists not on the gallery roster contribute work—Jacob Epstein a vital head of Albert Einstein, Max Weber three canvases of totally differing conceptions, carried out in terms apposite to their imaginative themes with a piquant mingling of boldness and delicacy. (Downtown, Oct. 9-Nov. 3.)

reactions to pure color. (James Graham, Nov. 15-Dec. 10.)—G.L.

**Luciano Minguzzi:** Minguzzi was one of the sculptors included in "The New Decade" exhibition of European art at the Museum of Modern Art last year. Now with a more complete group of bronzes in his first one-man show in America he confirms the talent and virtuosity that were suggested in that earlier appearance. The plasticity and suppleness in his male and female figures lend an admirable sense of motion, of sudden action, to the sculptural con-

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**Robert Andrew Parker:** This exhibition of watercolors by one of the most talented younger painters in New York is a constant delight. The soldiers and the battle scenes on Parker's imaginary Goncho Island are witty and ironic, and contain the elements of what we now call

# IN THE GALLERIES

**Fifty-seven Collages by Kurt Schwitters:** One after another, these collages present a perfection that avoids both the slickness and smartness that much of modern advertising and design seems to have developed out of Schwitters' example. The works of the twenties and thirties with their orderliness and precision, their sense of importance and value given to each scrap and fragment of paper or printing, provide some handsome specimens of Schwitters' achievement—the oval composition *Blaukreuz* of 1921, the *Bordeaux* of 1926 and the delicate Klee-like *Okolade* of the same year. Among the more densely figured, more roughly textured works of the forties there are equally fine pieces, the *Kurt Schwitters Will Recite* of 1946 and the *Merz #19* and *Green and Red*, both of 1947, works which seem to strive for a kind of awkwardness. One wonders whether having brought the earlier pieces to a perfection of their precise kind, Schwitters swung into a different direction in order to avoid just that slickness which results from repetition. In its tasteful selection and generous sampling of his art, the current exhibition is a most impressive presentation of Schwitters as well as one of the important shows of the season. (Sidney Janis, Oct. 22-Nov. 22.)—J.R.M.

**Marca-Relli:** It is not only in physical dimension that these recent works have grown; their qualitative stature has likewise increased. Thus one moves from the smaller, earlier collages, with their pastings of delicately singed brown cloth, to new canvases of breathtaking scale and authority. *Battle* suggests an intermediate phase, where the earlier beige-brown tonalities collide in crashing conflict with austere white-blacks, producing a majestic collage whose dramatic vitality is matched by a palette whose nuance has rarely been seen since the days of analytic cubism. *Upheaval* is, if anything, even more furious, compact, and elegant. Here these cloth patches quiver with animation to weave out an ascetic whirlpool of blacks and whites, a Spartan drama alleviated only by piquant whispers of turquoise, yellow, olive. Or for another demonstration of Marca-Relli's power to re-create the quicksilver spaces of the late Gorky, one may turn to the still more austere and elegant *Trial*,

where white cuttings expand and contract, suspended in taut, inky-black scaffoldings which alternate as interstices and positive shapes. Given such intensity of pictorial drama, suppleness of detail and breadth of scope, Marca-Relli can only emerge as one of the finest artists of his generation and one who can now rival the best of Guston, Kline, De Kooning. This show is a major event. (Stable, Nov. 5-Dec. 1.)—R.R.

**Rodin to Lipchitz, Part II:** A beautiful if somewhat crowded show, it repeats the success of a similar exhibition held by the gallery at the beginning of last season. The authority of Rodin, represented by a number of sculptures, remains impressive. In the context of the present exhibition, one sees the influence in Lipchitz's *Flight* and in the two small, beautiful Matisse's, the early *Madeleine II* of 1903 and the *Reclining Nude III* of 1929. For one viewer, the German sculpture comes off badly, a series of frozen gestures coupled with a deadening thoroughness of conception (Barlach's *Singing Women* or Marcks' *Seated Girl*), but there is a wealth of fine works on view, including Brancusi's *Endless Column*, Picasso's *Angry Owl* and the Lipchitz *Pilgrim*. (Fine Arts Associates, Oct. 9-Nov. 3.)—J.R.M.

**José de Creeft:** This veteran American stone-carver once again shows those qualities of suppleness and strength which have won him a permanent place in the art of our time. The outstanding work in the current show is undoubtedly the superb head of the late George Bernard Shaw, in which the strength and character of the subject are given massive sculptural equivalents. Elsewhere the great sensitivity of De Creeft's rounded forms, which always speak for a supremely knowledgeable technique as well as for their capacity to represent human forms with a deft understanding, reasserts the particular strength which we have come to associate with the man. (Contemporaries, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.)—G.L.

**André Lhote:** Some twenty-five paintings are assembled in this first comprehensive exhibition in America of one of France's leading older painters. Cubism's beginning is seen in the early *Ou-*

*vriers sur le port* and *Bordeaux*, July 14 (1913 and 1914, respectively) in which Lhote's principal concern is the organization of space into shifting planes, always rhythmic and always in motion. The advancing interest in color as a source of spatial form is recorded in the later paintings (1947-1956), particularly in the *Palmiers de Thèbes*. In the later canvases color becomes flatter, and carefully selected, while the movement of planes becomes more organic so that the figures now have a tighter relationship to the spatial organization around them. Some of the landscapes and two impressive, late nudes reflect Lhote's romance with Egypt and Egyptian art; the flat, muted colors and geometric angles flow in long sensuous planes. (Brentano's Galerie Moderne, Oct. 15-Nov. 2.)—G.L.

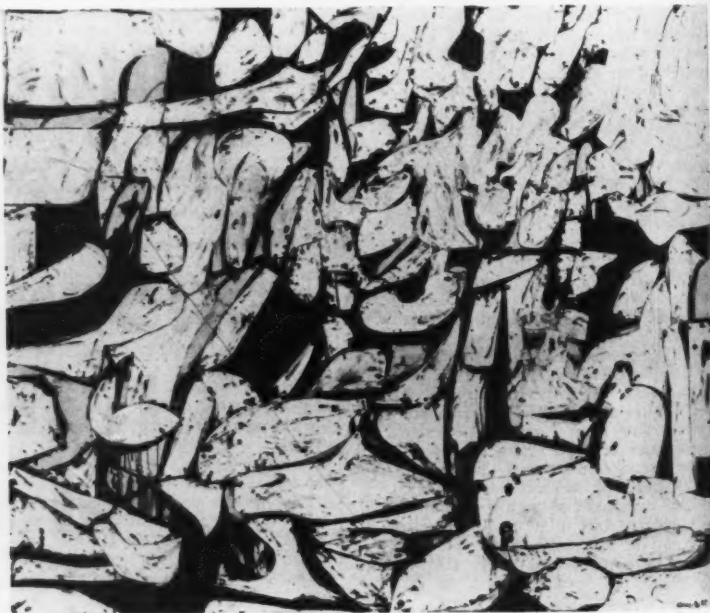
**Edward Millman:** The gripping excitement of Millman's canvases resides in a pictorial paradox, above all the interplay between flux and permanence, vapor and density. *Blue Incident* is a case in point. At one moment, these icy blue-green planes crystallize—as in the late Cézanne—into the firmness of rock, and at the next, they dissolve into a fugitive haze. In the same way, the ragged black scaffolding of this work alternately seems to release or imprison forms. These arresting ambiguities can be equally enjoyed in such other major statements as *Red Garden*, with its searing colors, which are both flame and cold mineral; or in *A Prospect of the Garden*, whose combative airiness is just at the point of complete dematerialization when it suddenly congeals again into tangible golden flowers. Together with these rich formal tensions, Millman's canvases offer the hedonistic rewards of an unfailingly seductive paint surface, rich in both color and texture. (Alan, Oct. 22-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Oscar Bluemner:** A retrospective show, ranging from 1913 through 1934, demonstrates the artist's preoccupation with color, color not only as form but also as feeling. In effect, the specific emotion generated in Bluemner's colors determined their forms, so that landscapes were psychological reconstructions in which vermilion and yellow and black played against each other to set up tensions. The landscapes themselves appear curiously rocklike and mechanical with masses overcoming their contours. It is in the paintings in brown, black and white, like *Radiant Night*, painted shortly before Bluemner died, that the concentrations of color function most strongly to present subjects as well as emotional

**Kurt Schwitters, BORDEAUX;**  
at the Sidney Janis Gallery.



**Marca-Relli, THE UPHEAVAL;**  
at the Stable Gallery.





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**Luciano Minguzzi:** Minguzzi was one of the sculptors included in "The New Decade" exhibition of European art at the Museum of Modern Art last year. Now with a more complete group of bronzes in his first one-man show in America he confirms the talent and virtuosity that were suggested in that earlier appearance. The plasticity and suppleness in his male and female figures lend an admirable sense of motion, of sudden action, to the sculptural contours, and one is at first surprised at this quality because of the formal construction of the figures themselves. Minguzzi's women, most clearly expressed in his female acrobats, are Italian after all, and their broad, child-bearing hips and heavy, rounded shoulders convey an expected mass and weight. But the sculptor transforms this mass into forms which, while adhering to their descriptive functions, have a decisive life of their own. The arms are always a rounded, flexible arc, not bent at the elbow but thickened and curved; the legs, as in the excellent *Woman on a Swing*, taper in one smooth curved contour from thick, sensual hips to narrow, delicate ankles. Minguzzi has included two handsome bronzes of roosters, where again mass and action are portrayed in sweeping, solid planes, as well as a group of figures portrayed together, seated, standing in a circle with hands joined, and poised, balanced together in acrobatic stunts. (Viviano, Nov. 12-Dec. 8.)—G.L.

**Harry Sternberg:** A social expressionist, Sternberg seizes on such fragments as dowagers, nightclub clients, urban equestrians and sun bathers and attempts to activate them with pictorial drama. But these bloated forms, torrid colors and mottled brushstrokes connote an emotional urgency which is rarely corroborated by the conception of the subjects, with results which are usually too broad for incisive social satire and which are at times (as in *The Unwilling Cow*) downright silly. This tempest in a teapot, however, should not obscure Sternberg's very genuine pictorial gifts, which can be seen to advantage in his seductive use of gold paint or in the succulent glitter of canvases like *Love* or *Beach*. (A.C.A., Oct. 22-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Drawings:** There are some surprises and expected triumphs in this exhibition of drawings by moderns and old masters. A delicate, thin-

lined landscape by Blake is one of the more agreeable drawings in the show as is also the strong Tintoretto, *The Prophet Zacharias*. A still life of flowers drawn by Demuth, a clear, flowing Gainsborough landscape, a slouching *Boy in Dungarees* of Walter Stuempfig's, several meticulous seventeenth-century Dutch drawings, two early primitive scenes by Edward Lear and a rather disappointing Tchelitchev contribute to the roster. Outstanding, however, are two Fuseli drawings, *Prometheus* and *Winds Emerging from a Cavern*, in which the romantic image of the Greek themes is brilliantly reconstructed. (Durlacher, Oct. 30-Nov. 24.)—G.L.

**Mathias Goeritz:** This well-known European sculptor and painter exhibits for the first time in America with a collection of twenty-seven pieces of sculpture in wood and bronze along with ten wash drawings, all of them executed in Mexico during the last six years. Goeritz's figures are solid and rocklike, with an indestructible, almost monolithic density which testifies to a very particular sculptural commitment. It suggests a curious combination of primitive influences with that of the German expressionists, but whatever its stylistic origins, it is exactly suited to the enormity of the subject to which it addresses itself: the suffering and crucifixion of man. In several works of the current group—*Old Man*, *Crucifixion* and *The Neurotic*—his methods and his vision are perfectly united. (Carstairs, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—G.L.

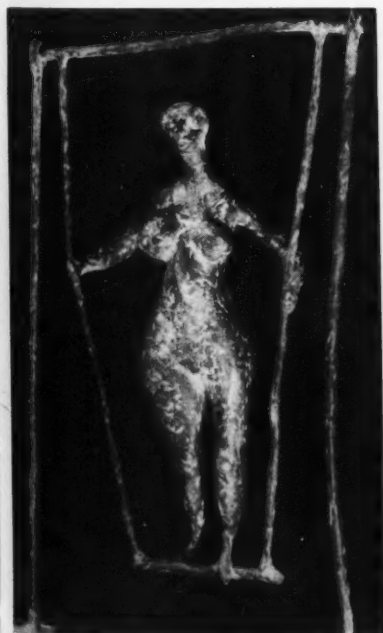
**Laura Ziegler:** Miss Ziegler's sculpture (in bronze) is distinguished by its delicate, solemn planes and a peculiarly American spontaneity. It is a viewpoint that reflects a less sophisticated America than one sees today, one that characterized this country in the twenties with its particular attachment to the naïve and the spontaneous. In this sense her figures could be characters in a novel of the period: *The Girl with a Pigtail* and *Portrait* carry with them the American theme of innocence evolving out of spontaneity; her *Clown* and *Harlequin*, both long-limbed, solid, straight planes, reflect the romantic disenchantment so prevalent in the days of the "lost generation." Similarly, her sense of detail has a novelist's touch about it, so that the heavy coat on the dowager and the jacket on an Italian workman and the friar's robe are details carefully selected to render character. Even her European figures—the man working with a pickaxe, the worker propped on his chair

during lunch hour—these have again the delicate touch of irony that an American sensibility romanticizes. Formally, there is the heavy influence of Fazzini with whom Miss Ziegler studied in Italy for three years, but the capricious, ironic sensibility is completely her own. (Duveen-Graham, Nov. 6-24.)—G.L.

**Robert Andrew Parker:** This exhibition of watercolors by one of the most talented younger painters in New York is a constant delight. The soldiers and the battle scenes on Parker's imaginary Goncho Island are witty and ironic, and they contain the elements of what we now call "an old-fashioned war," that is, men and horses bungling against other men and horses, with the show, the detail of costume and the personal weapon all important. Parker's faint, sharp lines always understate here, suggesting exact, rich details in the dress of the officers in the foreground, and ironically parodying the battle in the mass of stick lines that portray soldiers winding through the hills, climbing rocks, and disembarking from their boats, always somehow with the hint of plodding confusion. The areas of color here, browns and lightened blue skies, function beautifully as they do also in the other watercolors: the pink satire of the *Woman at the Beach*, the deeper tones of brown that so lightly present the stunted figure on horseback in *The Hague* and permit the observer to flick at the pomposity. There are also jostling crowded studies of cities and some fine watercolors of machines of a pre-atomic era. In these the age itself, the early part of the century, is Parker's primary subject, and it becomes a springboard from which to contrast and parody our present turmoil. (Roko, Oct. 22-Nov. 14.)—G.L.

**A. Paris Guetersloh:** An Austrian writer and painter whose long career has been marked by the alternate ascendancy of his literary and artistic endeavors, Guetersloh is now professor of painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Author of many successful novels and prolific artist in the graphic media as well as in oils, he is also a miniaturist of the most amazing skill, and it is his miniatures in gouache which we are given an opportunity to view in the present exhibition. Most of these are no larger than the average sheet of notepaper, yet everything, from the hairs of a dog to the leaves on a tree, is rendered in precisely enumerated detail. There is that combination of the burlesque humor and the romantic imagination, the whimsical and the

Luciano Minguzzi, L'ALTALENA;  
at the Catherine Viviano Gallery.



Mathias Goeritz, THE PROPHET;  
at the Carstairs Gallery.



Robert Andrew Parker, IN THE HAGUE;  
at the Roko Gallery.



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### IN THE GALLERIES

matter-of-fact, which is so much a product of his nationality and which suggests the story-book illustration as well as the earlier antecedents of Austrian baroque. The paint is applied most meticulously with a fine dry brush to give an almost enameled appearance to these delicate domestic scenes and views of the artist with his model which have the air of being not only from another land but from another era. (Artists, Nov. 3-23.)—M.S.

**Seven Americans:** Although the occasion for this show, like many of the opening exhibitions this season, was the publication of the Rudi Blesch book *Modern Art, USA*, the paintings themselves presented some interesting relationships on their own. One discovered the largesse of Rothko's world, particularly in his expansive, sunny *Orange and Yellow*, 1956, when seen with Albers' schoolmasterly arrangements of strictly edged bands, stripes and squares of color. The Gorky *Water of the Flower Mill* (1944), a composition in red-browns, ochres and orange-yellows, full of liquid shapes and undulating rhythms, when seen in the context of large paintings by Kline and De Kooning, points up the difficult problem which Gorky seems to have set up for himself, that of preserving the linear contour that defines his shapes and the illusion of depth in which they are set while developing a style that tends to bring the painting to its surface at the expense of such illusory space. The late Jackson Pollock is represented by one of the familiar "drip" paintings and by the large canvas *Scent* (reportedly his last), with its thick interlacings of paint, its surface somehow reminiscent of Monticelli. Two large paintings by Guston completed the exhibition, *Dial* and *Voyage*, both recent works. (Sidney Janis, Sept. 24-Oct. 20.)—J.R.M.

**Stella Mertens:** Translating an essentially fauve viewpoint into a personal style, Miss Mertens weaves together vividly colored still lifes and landscapes with a crackling and fascinatingly irregular linear network. If these brilliant patchwork quilts of color are invariably persuasive, it is because they combine the virtues of a vigorous, naïve exuberance in the handling of paint and color with a highly disciplined structural framework. In her portraits, Miss Mertens deviates from these sensuous complexities, offering a radical simplification which, while focusing on heads and hands alone, nevertheless manages to make incisive psychological statements. (Circ. Library of Paintings, Oct. 26-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Nicolas de Staël:** The tranquillity of these works, particularly of the later landscapes, the calm horizontal strips of rich blues and deep grays counterpointed by clustered squares of blacks, whites and reds, the air of breadth and ease which pervades them, speak for the ripeness of De Staël's talent during his last years. The twenty-two works in this exhibition, circulating throughout the country under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, range from the thickly painted surfaces, the interlaced colors of the compositions of 1946-47 to the more broadly organized and serene landscapes of La Ciotat and Honfleur and the simple still lifes, like *The White Bowl*, which were completed during the last three years of the artist's life. It is difficult to think of a more valuable tribute to De Staël's art than the statement which this admirably selected group of his paintings make for themselves. (Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, Oct. 1-18.)—J.R.M.

**Roger Selchow:** An interesting development marks three distinct phases of the artist's work which has, nonetheless, a pervasive unity. There is first a preoccupation with space broken into color, through prisms and planes. Then the movement alters slightly and shifts toward the large field of space lanced by rectilinear lines that ride off the edge of the canvas; this space retains its color, but it is changed by a new linear perspective, looking as though large, thin-lined doors were opening onto the canvas from different angles. The artist moves away from a symmetrical format in another phase



Francis Picabia, *PRINTEMPS*; at the Rose Fried Gallery.

and turns his geometrics into a looser style in which curved and bent lines are employed with small, asymmetrical patches of color, creating a subtle relationship between the rigidity of design and flow of movement. Throughout there is present a clear draftsmanship and a consistent control. (Delacorte, Nov. 8-24.)—G.L.

**Modern Masters:** Selecting the outstanding paintings in this exhibition of twentieth-century art would be a difficult task. There are five late Léger watercolors that are in a freer style than most of his work; two Picabias, with one of them, *Spring*, reminding us how humorous a painter he can be at times; several Schlemmers which provide a fine perspective on Bauhaus painting; and a strong, fine oil by Jean Metzinger. All schools and media are represented too, with several pleasing Kupka pastels, a clean, balanced collage by Ben Nicholson, a pencil drawing and a watercolor by Severini, a recent gouache by Tobey and of course offerings by Picasso in oil, gouache and ink drawing. Two of the early Picassos are from Gertrude Stein's collection, but in general this section of the exhibition is disappointing. (Rose Fried, Oct. 22-Nov. 30.)—G.L.

**Jerry Walter:** If the ragged energies of these abstractions are arresting, they rarely coalesce to form a coherent statement. Rather, one admires occasional fragments of these swift, rough-edged forms and harsh colors without finding the necessary syntax which would relate them. Happily, however, two of these works, *After the Ball* and *A Little Strut* (titles which, like most of the others, have no pictorial reference that I can make out), achieve a greater stylistic consistency. Here Walter's too-frequent diffuseness is countered by a more widespread surface activity and a greater rhythmical fluency, with results which depend heavily, though not fatally, upon the early Kandinsky. (Chase, Nov. 5-17.)—R.R.

**Edward Dugmore:** In these recent canvases, the tense and stark asymmetries of Dugmore's earlier high achievement have been abandoned in favor of an exploration of new problems. These involve the over-all activation of the picture surface and the suggestion of dense, interwoven veils of paint by clustering brushstrokes about strong, but imprecise, vertical striations.



If the first effect of these monumental forests of rough-edged colors may appear repetitive, closer scrutiny reveals more than enough subtlety of form and expression to assert the uniqueness of each canvas. These works can scorch like #6, with its torrential, climbing reds, already invading the cooler edges; they can soothe like #10, with its damp and misty mergings of gray, black, blue; or they can sputter and crackle with the blistering yellows, reds and blues of #4. And throughout, natural images are evoked, whether it be the gentleness of rain or the terror of fire. In all cases, these new Dugmores are compelling by virtue of their combination of a heroic breadth of scale with a maximum of nuance. (Stable, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—R.R.

**Kenzo Okada:** In all of Okada's paintings in this exhibition the painting itself—the canvas as an object—is the primary experience, not the emotional convolutions of the artistic act, nor the painter's emotions psychologically reconstructed for the viewer. As such the paintings have a purity rarely seen. The forms are carefully defined and suspended in space, the color (muted browns, blues and grays) applied with exactitude. The relationships established between the irregular shapes and the soft color form an imagery whose effects are restrained and consoling. (Parsons, Oct. 15-Nov. 3.)—G.L.

**Spiral Group and Job Goodman Memorial Show:** This season the Spiral Group is presenting its annual exhibition together with a memorial show devoted to the work of the late Job Goodman, founder of the group. The room devoted entirely to his work demonstrates the full range of his talent which was constantly experimenting with a variety of painterly means. The still lifes brought together here are the most impressive statement of that talent, and throughout the show one is impressed by the extent to which the artist's personal mysticism makes itself felt over and above its particular embodiments.

In the Spiral Group itself, it is Peter Blanc's splendid expressionist painting of a Kabuki dancer, in which oval forms under the authority of an agile brush create an illusion of whirling, ritualistic motion, which is most outstanding. Notable too are works by Margaret Mullin, James Sterling, Gertrude Shibley, Joseph Meert and Beatrice Mandelman. (Riverside Museum, Oct. 7-25.)—G.L.

**Jennings Tofel:** Despite the vigor and exuberance of the brushstrokes and the distortions of the figures, Tofel's expressionism is of a moderate and understated nature. Perhaps this is because of the all-over sameness of the treatment, the lack of accentuation, and the generalization of the figures until they are more like ciphers than people. Each canvas presents a cluster of gesturing, jostling figures in relationships embodying a particular mood or event, as implied in the titles—*Departing*, *Visitors*, *Pride*, *Estranged*, *Tidings*—and figures and background alike are fused into a continuous play of light and motion. The quality of the painting itself is perhaps the most striking aspect of the exhibit, which is Tofel's tenth one-man show; he has achieved that perfect harmony of paint, form and content, of freedom and control, which bespeaks the mature and experienced artist. (Artists, Oct. 13-Nov. 1.)—M.S.

**Ruth Gikow:** Painting the grayness of the streets and buildings and inhabitants of Manhattan's upper West Side and the shoddiness of its flashes of color, Ruth Gikow seeks beyond the drabness to find the rich texture of family relationships, children's joys, young girls' dreams and old people's memories which give the neighborhood its life and warmth. There are the gaudiness of a Puerto Rican *Carmen*, the clearly readable emotions of the parties involved in *The Marriage Broker*, the wild glee of little boys with the wide area of demolished buildings at their disposal in *Scooter Brigade* and the ever-present paradoxes of the city in *Sans Souci*. She handles paint in an inventive fashion, adroitly combining transparent washes, opaque palette-

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**Balcomb Greene, PORTRAIT:**  
at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery.

knife touches and fragmentary drawing to achieve her particular blend of the substance of the flesh and the insubstantiality of the dream. (Rehn, Nov. 5-24.)—M.S.

**Balcomb Greene:** Offers strong new oils in this exhibition, and once again studies the effect of light on human figures. There is an undercurrent of the erotic in Greene's women, most noticeably in the *Portrait* and in his *Woman Dressing*, with bursts of white exposing the whole area of uncovered flesh, and dark passages shaping the area that surrounds the exposed surfaces. In the *Standing Figure* color operates to give the subject a spatial as well as an emotional definition, with pockets of white cutting into the man's shoulder and face, altering the plane of the figure so that the upper part of the torso is distant from the viewer: one has the experience of looking up into a massive form. Male virility is thus placed in counterpoint to the eroticism of the female themes. (Bertha Schaefer, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.)—G.L.

**John Levee:** A young American painter living in Paris, Levee works his surfaces to their maximum richness with thick overlays of paint and dense combinations of color. In his oil numbered *March 1, 1956*, the scheme is of predominantly large areas of whites, ochres, umbers and blacks which break off abruptly into moments of rich blues with underlayers of purple. Included in his show are a number of small studies for his larger paintings in oil as well as several admirably structured gouaches in whites, grays and blacks. (André Emmerich, Nov. 12-30.)—J.R.M.

**Bird, Beast and Blossom:** A number of charming pieces crop up in this exhibition of paintings and sculpture. Yety's *Flowers* in pleasant blue-grays and burnished oranges with its suggestive Redon-like vagueness and Harry Herring's thickly surfaced oil, *Midsummer Bouquet*, with its awkwardly shaped white vase and turgid blooms are two of the better works on view, as well as paintings and sculpture by Otto Fried, Raymond Rocklin and Margo Harris. (Wellons, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.)—J.R.M.

**Everett Shinn:** A number of the caricatures and drawings for Dickens' stories which make up part of this exhibition and date from the early 1900's through the thirties, are largely interesting and amusing as period illustrations. The more valuable works on view are the small studies for murals, full of that rapid, playful and voluptuous line which seems to carry through from

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Watteau to Reginald Marsh and develops a kind of ironic sensibility for the prancing, nude, outrageous coyness of the human figure. Also included in the current exhibition is the fine, small, green landscape, *In the Park*. (Davis, Oct. 24-Nov. 17.)—J.R.M.

**Howard Cook:** The labyrinth of the city, with its vertical orientations, from its subterranean depths to its highest pinnacle and all the blind alleys and stairs to nowhere in between, furnishes the inspiration for Howard Cook's complex but never disorganized abstractions. Carefully modulated colors, interspersed with well-organized dark accents, are applied with dry and systematic brushing. The charcoal drawings are subtly balanced with a more tenuous, shimmering quality than is seen in the oils, and a sense of aspiration is conveyed in the soaring of the verticals. (Grand Central Moderns, Nov. 16-Dec. 5.)—M.S.

**Prezant and Rutkowski:** Both these graduates of Cooper Union work in an abstract manner. Jack Prezant endeavoring to approximate aspects of nature in non-referential arrangements of form and color, while Rita Rutkowski constructs her paintings on the basis of a more specific visual recollection. Her spacious canvases are bathed in light which seems to emanate from within the forms themselves. The airiness and nuanced suggestivity of her style are better suited to such canvases as *Edge of Spain* and *Trilogy* than to the more ponderous subjects of *Dead in a Field* and *Crucifixion*, where insubstantiality is unconvincing, although there are passages of beautiful painting in both. Prezant's paintings, with their tendency to the rectilinear and ordered, suggest the maze of a forest or multicellular structures beneath a microscope or rows of seeds sending up their first sprout in an empathetic rather than an analytic approach to nature. (Cooper, Nov. 3-28.)—M.S.

**Founders Exhibition:** An annual event at the Grand Central Art Galleries is the Founders Exhibition, which this year includes 112 paintings and sculptures by artists participating in the gallery. The exhibition culminates in the drawing for choice of paintings by the lay members who contribute to the Galleries' support. A few items which take the eye in the wide selection offered are John Munch's *Facade with Birds*, with its preference for delicate implication rather than explicit statement, Elizabeth Price's attractive flower painting, Earl Francis Hofmann's *Cape May* and *Surveying the Bay*, with a touch of Guardi in the grandeur of the space, Margaret Sturgis' straightforward, unbackneyed *Rehearsal* and J. Francis Murphy's *Afterglow*, with shades of Barbizon. Other paintings which would make good first choices are Frederick Waugh's watercolor of a single rolling breaker, Chen Chi's *Spring*, with its fabulous spatial suggestion, and *Italian Comedians*, by F. H. Redelius, a pair of hexagonal paintings which would make a handsome contribution to a period setting. There are the Western paintings of Weighorist and the late William Robinson Leigh, at least a half-dozen formulaized seascapes by Bradbury, Shelton and others, and a large number of conventional landscapes and portraits by such artists as Molly Guion, Henry Gasser, Ivan Olinsky, W. L. Metcalf and Albert K. Murray, and also Gordon Grant's perennial clipper ship. (Grand Central, Sept. 17-Nov. 12.)—M.S.

**Anita Weschler:** Called "Translucences," these illuminated paintings on fiberglass with their waxy and bubbled surfaces are richly colored abstract shapes with sometimes a suggestion of vaguely figurative elements. Among the more interesting pieces on view is one of blossoming purple shapes against a blue-green ground. (Wellons, Oct. 29-Nov. 10.)—J.R.M.

**Edward Chavez:** Chavez' New Mexican landscapes are admirably and lucidly conceived compositions. A rich and intricate pattern of color, always interestingly textured, combines with the odd, patchlike shapes to convey the irregular, rough-hewn contours of the land. These areas and passages have about them a sense of sepa-

rate identity, yet the total impression is one of compositional tightness. In one of the most effective paintings, *New Mexico Landscape*, a grid of small irregular shapes projects to the foreground of the canvas and effectively contrasts the larger shapes and colors that mass above it. (Heller, Nov. 6-24.)—G.L.

**Stephen Csoka:** Both in his classic repertoire of subjects and his conventional approach to painting, Stephen Csoka is a traditionalist. This is not to say that he is merely reworking old themes in an academic manner; on the contrary, the savor of the academy is only in his beautiful workmanship, the thorough grounding in drawing which gives him an ease of accomplishment, and the flawless sense of form which lends an aura of perfection to even the most seemingly free and casual of his paintings. Equestrian subjects occupy a large share of his attention in a range from a group of exact studies in miniature to the impressive ensemble of *Riding School* and the unleashed forces of *Fighting Horses* or the masterful study in oil of a man struggling with a rearing horse. The reposeful nudes are grace and eloquent simplicity personified, while his pastels best exemplify the romantic and visionary aspect of his work. (Contemporary Arts, Nov. 5-23.)—M.S.

**Raymond Guerrier:** In his first New York show, Guerrier demonstrates not only such traditional French virtues as structural lucidity, coloristic subtlety and a thorough knowledge of his métier, but a compelling expressionist flavor as well. Thus he is able to invest ostensibly tranquil country still lifes and landscapes with a sense of omen, so that an eggplant becomes a shadowy threat and the contour of a jug expands and contracts with frightened "animacy." At times the drama of these somber, gray-green canvases is more explicit, as in *Still Life with Bulls*, with its dismembered hoofs, or in the bleak landscape punctuated by the Carnac monoliths, but in all cases it is convincing and elucidates a distinctive, if minor, pictorial personality. (Hammer, Oct. 30-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

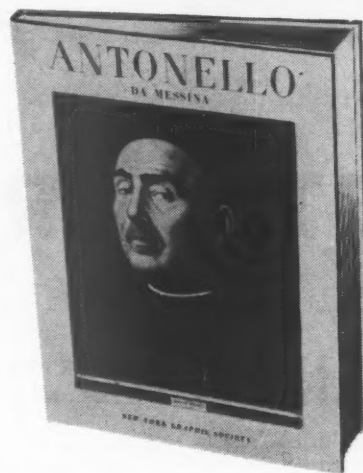
**Hans Erni:** In these recent gouaches and drawings, Erni continues his delicate variations on a neo-classic theme by Picasso. Airborne bulls and horses, statuesque nudes, antique busts are spun out with white, threadlike contours, and chalky colors are reduced to elemental contrasts which recall antique vase painting. Again following Picasso's lead, Erni's clean-edged line at times takes on an automatic life and entangles these serene figures in a net of abstract geometry. Yet these works, while always discreet, are less successful than the artist's simpler statements, where the sparse elegance of his style can be savored in its most lucid form. (F.A.R., Oct. 9-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Victor de Pauw:** Confronted with a Rouaultesque *Rodeo Queen*, the neo-romantic reveries of *The Letter* and *Begonia*, or the blurred, Marinesque *Quogue Inlet*, it is hard to find a focus to De Pauw's style and, indeed, one suspects there is none. Nevertheless, a few works are convincing in their own terms, particularly the two grasshopper studies, which offer a degree of intensity and nervousness lacking in the other more pretentious and loose-jointed paintings. (Petite, Oct. 29-Nov. 10.)—R.R.

**Helen Wolf:** In general, these familiar subjects—landscape, figures, still life—achieve little more than an impersonal repetition of the lessons of Cézanne. At moments, however, they make more persuasive and original statements by abandoning their full modeling for a flatter, brisker style. Such is the case in *The End*, where the frame of a discarded boat is vigorously wedded to adjacent earth, sky and sea, or in the more fragmentary *Sunflowers*, with their more animated, sharp-edged contours and heightened palette. (Petite, Nov. 14-Dec. 1.)—R.R.

**Abbott Pattison:** Working in a variety of sculptural media, Pattison is primarily preoccupied with the human figure. This he analyzes in numerous manners which range from the almost Rodinesque surfaces of *Father and Son*, to *The*

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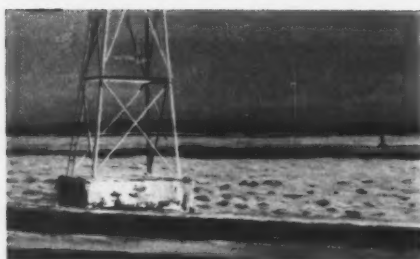
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*Sentinel*, with its Boccionesque, shrapnel-like lacerations, to the more up-to-date spikiness and anatomical fantasy of the bristling *Enclosed Figure*. Such diversity inevitably weakens the clarification of an individual viewpoint, but there are at least strong suggestions of one in such brass figures as *Running Woman*, with its glittering fusion of mass and space, or, most impressively, in *The Harvest*, a monumental figure of vigorous, patched-metal rotundities. (Sculpture Center, Oct. 14-Nov. 3.)—R.R.

**Vieira da Silva:** Here the art of painting is the art of handling space, one might almost say the art of threading space. Working with a network of finely articulated lines that move toward a point of convergence, the artist builds a world of separate, delicate, minuscule areas, each one distinct from the other, yet related within an overall composition. In some of the more recent work a more sensitive brushwork and the use of large spatial areas reveal a movement toward abstract impressionism. (Saidenberg, Oct. 29-Dec. 1.)—G.L.

**Pierre Soulages:** Soulages's thick black bars washed over finely painted surfaces, however limited they be in range, are always finished and expert; the texture, the heavy black cuts, the slick, luminous colors that recede behind the impress of the bands, all contribute to a highly stylized vision. In many cases the works here emerge with a luminous, poetic ambience, but they cannot avoid an unnerving repetitiveness. (Kootz, Sept. 17-Oct. 13.)—G.L.

**Boissevain Group:** This exhibition of three painters—Marcel Cardinal, Tom Vincent and Marion Carry—shows each moving in his own direction. Cardinal is the most interesting of the three; with textured black lines he superimposes upon vibrant colors a concrete subject as well as a suggestion of what lies beyond it. *Paris Street* is a notable example. Tom Vincent reveals a felicitous sense of color, and he concerns himself with figures and objects loosely balanced in space. Color rather than line is his chief means of composition, deriving perhaps from Matisse. Several later semiabstractions, however, indicate a search for an individual expression. Marion Carry interests herself in design, in this case the structural balance, tension and volume conveyed by masses of books used as units to build upon each other like a wall of blocks. A discreet and sensitive handling of color—here harmonies of brown—quietly and effectively enhances the structural composition. (Galleries Boissevain, Oct. 10-24.)—G.L.

**Four Painters:** Beck, with his large, awkward, fuzzy-edged shapes and his earthy color, particularly in *Nude with a Red Hat*, with its sandgrays, its rich orangey-browns and purples, displayed an effective talent that has pushed the German expressionist style into a somewhat more distinctly personal idiom. Bartoli's style, with its Villon-like phases and modulations of color, appeared to its best advantage in the landscapes, one of the more impressive being *Versailles*, solidly painted and composed in greens, gray-blues and gray-whites. James Harrison's paintings make their search within a more limited area, the stunted, ghostly-white figures played against dingy backgrounds of blacks and ochres, achieving a kind of grim success. Michelle Stuart, whose landscapes and still lifes combined dense, creamy surfaces with soft-edged forms, exhibited a number of fine works and a particularly excellent one in her small landscape, *Snow*, in whites and gray-greens. (Theatre East, Sept. 24-Oct. 15.)—J.R.M.

**Three New York Artists:** A sculptor and two painters show a well-selected group of works. Lily Ente, whose sculptures in stone give the impression of remaining close to the original block, nevertheless achieves a distinctness of form in each of the works, sometimes with sensual overtones as in her black marble piece, *The Shell*. Ahron Ben-Shmuel exhibits a variety of vivid, patchy abstractions full of broken shapes and sharp bursts of color. Anna Walinska, in her

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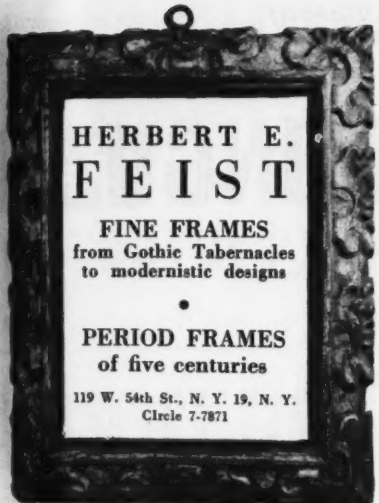
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gouaches in casein, adopts a limited palette of grays, whites, blacks and browns which heightens the effectiveness of an abstract style with vaguely discernible figurative elements, bringing the painting close to the surface and strengthening the over-all totality of the composition. Though it is one of her less densely organized works, her *Landscape*, with its calligraphy of black line and dark gray and black masses, is one of her more impressive works. (Bodley, Nov. 12-Dec. 1.)—J.R.M.

**André Jasmin:** Although these brilliantly colored abstractions by a young Canadian painter bear only the title of *Compositions*, a number of them have the general air and feeling of landscapes vigorously simplified and transposed into blades and sheets of vibrant color. His *Composition 26*, with its horizontal band abruptly broken by sharp vertical thrusts, and his *Composition 24*, with its blunt shapes in light blues, purples and greens, were among the more noteworthy examples of a significant talent. (Collector's, Oct. 1-13.)—J.R.M.

**Cuban Group:** A new gallery with its opening show introduces a number of imposing talents. José Bermudez, whose series of collages and an oil entitled *Homage to Zurbaran* constitute one of the outstanding features of the exhibition, combines a vocabulary of somewhat erotic forms, suggestive of Miró, with a thoroughly precise and well-made delivery that finds its best statements in the collages *Cleavage* and *Homage to an Unknown Witch*. Also notable were Hugo Consuegra's large bold abstractions in oil, *Vengeance* and *Against Ourselves*, as well as works by Enrique Riveron and Felipe Orlando. (Roland de Aenlle, Oct. 5-25.)—J.R.M.

**Dolores Safarty:** Terra-cotta nudes with a voluptuousness which suggests a caricature of Lachaise, the sculptural feat of a cast-marble figure hanging from a brass trapeze, and the sensitively modeled head, *David*, are the distinctive features of this first showing. (Cooper, Sept. 29-Oct. 24.) . . . **Carl Wuerner:** Absolutely flawless surfaces, fastidious attention to detail and lushness of color give these paintings of New England in the winter, spring and fall the appearance of blown-up color transparencies—except that Wuerner's eye is even less fallible than the camera. (Grand Central, Nov. 13-24.) . . . **Allen Hart:** A rondo of a fish girl, an insect looming over the canvas, a snake charmer, a pensive boy with sombrero—these are some of the subjects treated by the artist with a fresh, painterly approach and an unusual close-up focus. (Collector's, Nov. 19-Dec. 1.) . . . **Eloise Bethell:** Mysterious Polynesian-type women and striking arrangements of leaves are constructed out of small touches of pigment which are left standing in tiny peaks to reflect a flickering light beneath the heavy finishing glaze. The ingenuousness of the self-taught artist and her unique sense of design make this a show of more than routine interest. (Collector's, Nov. 5-17.) . . . **Jorge and Eisner:** Jorge, a medical student from the Dominican Republic, is also a surrealist painter with a dramatic sense of design, but without sufficient painterly means at his command to achieve convincing results. Ben Eisner exhibits deliberately naïve paintings of people rushing about, strolling or playing in the city streets, seen from a vantage point which suggests life on an ant hill. (Sullivan, Oct. 3-16.) . . . **Sullivan Group:** The stormy canvases of Billy Mann with their clustering patches of color like driven leaves, and the watercolors of Luis Interian in which images tentatively emerge from the flowing areas of limpid color are the principal contributions to this show. (Oct. 17-31.)—M.S.

**Donald Mavros:** In *Vigil* and *Young Man*, Mavros shapes his terra-cotta figures in the unlike style of pre-Columbian sculpture, working in smooth textures and with a minimum of detail. (Pietrantonio, Oct. 1-15.) . . . **Alexander Kreisel:** This memorial retrospective exhibition of oils by a veteran painter featured work in a variety of styles from the Kokoschka-like turbulence and rhythm of the earlier harbor and city scenes to the smooth-surfaced, light-toned ele-

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gance of *The Synagogue* with its echoes of Dufy. (Collector's, Oct. 15-27.) . . . **Murray Belkin:**

His *Sunburst* in rich orange-yellows and pinks with deep grays and greens is one of the better works in this exhibition of paintings in a thoroughly familiar cubist style. (Crespi, Oct. 29-Nov. 10.) . . . **Enrico Campagnola:** To the basically angular, heavily outlined style of Bernard Buffet, Campagnola adds a dulled "antique" finish in this group of still lifes and landscapes in oil. (Gallery 75, Nov. 1-28.) . . . **Frederick Wong:** A series of light, decorative watercolors with pleasant tonal effects, as in *Leaves and Trees*, are offered as this gallery's opening exhibition in new quarters. (Mi Chou, Oct. 17-Nov. 17.) . . . **Herman Brockdorff and Roger Van Damme:** Among these heavily painted, bright abstractions, by the former, the darker *Three Figures* with *Still Life* stands out as a more accomplished piece of work than the somewhat disorganized efforts of other paintings on view. Van Damme, though he is mostly represented by a series of well-painted portraits, shows his most impressive work in his two Turner-esque landscapes, *North Sea* and *North Sea Jetty*. (Burr, Nov. 4-17.) . . . **Hadgadya:** The impressionist style, short strokes of color laid next to each other, produces some pleasant results, particularly in *Trees and Houses*, in this exhibition of gouaches on dark-toned papers. (Pietrantonio, Nov. 1-15.) . . . **Lucy and William L'Engle:** Heavy, unpleasant montages made of metal, bits of glass and jewelry by the former; the latter exhibits a number of tastefully muted watercolors and gouaches of the sculpture in churches at Souillac and Moissac. (Bodley, Oct. 23-Nov. 10.) . . . **Harry Mathes:** Vigorous and free abstractions in oil represent a change in direction for this painter whose previously shown work was more densely painted and rigidly organized. (Pietrantonio, Nov. 16-30.) . . . **Dorothy Hyman and Louise Davis:** Sculptures in bronze, stone and terra cotta, a number of them dealing with dance themes, by the former, and a series of vividly detailed watercolor scenes of nineteenth-century China and Japan, by the latter. (Crespi, Nov. 12-24.) . . . **Reginald Rowe:** While his still life *Watermelon Slices* has some bright moments, the general tonality of many of these figure studies and still lifes in oil has a monotonous sameness from one painting to the next. (Wellons, Oct. 15-27.) . . . **Jean de Marco and Clara Fasano:** A husband and wife exhibit sculptures in a variety of materials, generally concentrating on the human figure. (Wellons, Oct. 22-Nov. 10.) . . . **Andrew Ratoucheff:** A kind of moody and somber realism pervades these carefully painted still lifes and landscapes in oil. (Burr, Nov. 18-Dec. 1.) . . . **Maria Luisa de Pacheco:** One of the more successful works in this exhibition of abstract oils is the *Andean Landscape* in grays and soft browns. In her figure studies the cubist style seems one that has been adopted by chance rather than analytically derived from the figure itself. (Sudamericana, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.) . . . **Pietrantonio:** A group show of American artists in various media featured Tom Young's abstract oil, *The Club*, in rich browns, reds and oranges, as well as Elizabeth Delson's *Scattered Light* in blues, greens and purples. (Pietrantonio, Sept. 18-30.)—J.R.M.

**Amy Fleming:** This former student of Hans Hofmann shows an interesting talent in her first one-man show. Great strength and luminosity characterize her use of color, and it is through color above all that her sensibility makes itself felt. (Ruth White, Nov. 7-Dec. 1.) . . . **Daniel Newman:** An interesting and capable painter, Newman explores sea masses, industrial structures and convolutions of the earth, moving from abstraction to figuration in his search for an exact form for concrete subjects. (Gallery G, Nov. 13-Dec. 13.) . . . **Camino Group:** In an exhibition which is overwhelmingly abstract-expressionist, two artists stand out: Andrée Golbin, whose work features violent color and thickly painted surfaces, and Don David, in whose work there is a finer tension of formal and coloristic interests. Also represented are Leon Smith, Bart Perry, John Krushenick, Nicholas Krushenick and Florence Weinstein.

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(Camino, Oct. 5-24.) . . . **Marjorie Liebmann:** Soft, frail pinks, whites and greens render abstract impressions of morning and evening. A vagueness and ambiguity of color, however, fails to sustain many of the paintings; the exception is the more expressionistic *Flowering City*, whose strong color and spatial perspective give it a greater strength of statement. (Parsons, Oct. 13-24.) . . . **Elizabeth McFadden:** Some handsome and unpretentious collages in which fabrics and colors create textured designs that are fresh and imaginative. (Parsons, Oct. 13-24.) . . . **Sam Rothbort:** Lush, thickly clustered flowers are the subject of these still lifes, with the artist moving between impressionism and expressionism, but always making his own statement. (Bazansky, Oct. 28-Nov. 10.) . . . **James Harvey:** Subdued tones of orange, yellow and blue provide a rhythmic movement to these loose compositions, with *Golden Horde* and *The River* the most successful. A tendency toward diffuseness of color weakens the paintings, for it is color which activates and shapes them. (Parma, Nov. 12-30.) . . . **Neal Thomas:** Calligraphic lines, drips, collage effects and large areas of negative space are some of the techniques present in this exhibition. There is an unfortunate ambiguity about the canvases that causes many of them to emerge as mere flat surfaces, but when Thomas is successful, as in *White Note* and *Rest*, the composition is both fresh and definite. (Parma, Oct. 18-Nov. 9.) . . . **Robert Wolff:** Taking off from Delaunay and the orphists, this talented painter breaks the surface of his canvas with constantly readjusting planes. His daring, vivid colors seem to emerge and recede from the planes, falling through space, changing as though sliding through the spectrum, at times solid and bold as in the *Broken Wheel* and *Soliloquy*. (Borgenicht, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.) . . . **Hansa Group:** A group which features notable work by Lily Brody (angular watercolor landscapes), Jean Follet (her customary mechanistic collages) and George Segal (a group of clustered drawings). Also present are Jacques Beckwith, Allan Kaprow, Fay Lansner and Dan Haugaard. (Hansa, Oct. 1-20.) . . . **Philippe Hosiasson:** A Russian-born Parisian artist whose brilliant, heavily painted canvases suggest whirlpools in motion, particularly in their tendency to gravitate toward the knot of the painting, the compositional center. The deep-textured surface patterns lend also to the effect of terrain swirling about a center ready to burst forth; and at times, the subtle color surfaces of blue and red and gray-green appear more like clay erupting than paint. (Kootz, Nov. 19-Dec. 8.) . . . **Georges Mathieu:** It is the act of painting, the gesture of the painter, that is of interest here; for one is confronted with the result of a momentary encounter with life: perhaps the battle of Agincourt slashingly experienced on canvas. But the final experience of the painting is always the same: pigment squirted upon large, smoothly painted surfaces of black, white or yellow, and spread into a violent, asymmetrical configuration in which the play of blank space is not so much used as ignored. As such, the gesture of painting has a passing interest, but the painting itself falls between controlled strength and dull bombast. (Kootz, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.) . . . **Salute to "Modern Art, U.S.A.":** An exhibition held in conjunction with Rudi Blesch's new book, *Modern Art, U.S.A.*, in which a group of artists referred to in the book are present. There are two handsomely executed impressions of New York by Feininger, as well as an early study of Manhattan by Mark Tobey. Included also are several splendid drawings by Morris Graves and paintings by Lee Mullican. (Willard, Oct. 1-27.) . . . **Mariska Karasz:** An exhibition of needlework, contrasting textures and painted colors on fabric. The effect is highly original and impressive, with designs and arabesques suggesting a rich Near Eastern tradition. (Bertha Schaefer, Nov. 19-Dec. 8.) . . . **National Association of Women Artists:** A group exhibition of graphics, many still bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to art-school efforts. Most noteworthy are two lithographs by Sacha Kolin and Lena Gurr's color woodcut. (Argent, Oct. 1-13.) . . . **Herbert Macdonald:** Vigorous shapes and colors, seemingly hurled from the sky, form abstract-expressionist patterns in a series of

continued on page 74

new oils

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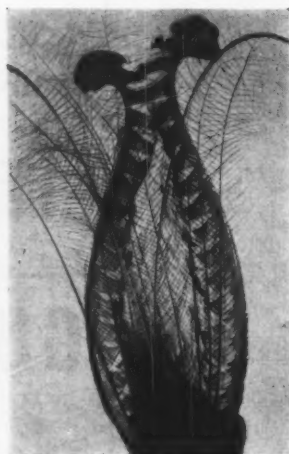
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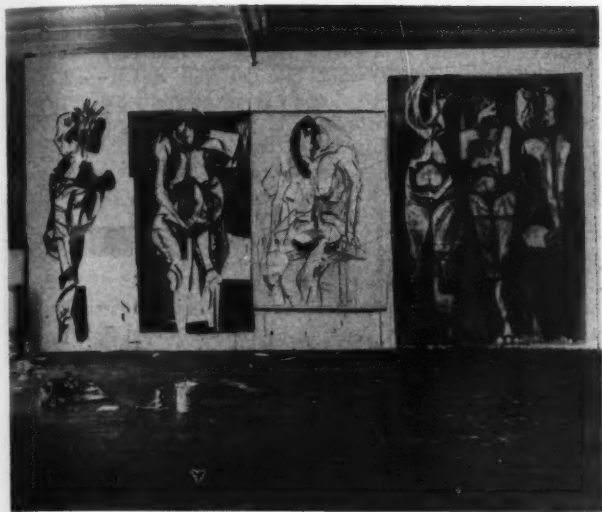
#### Interview with Rico Lebrun

CULTURAL responsibility rests upon the individual today much more than it did in the past. There is no strongly singular external reference from which to operate. Subject matter, once restricted by patterns of religious and philosophical thought control, is now limitless. The creator may "pick his spots" from many and varied references. The guiding spirit of the time—if there is one—seems to be this: individual vision through individual means. The situation is not entirely new. Its roots are in the Renaissance, when contributions made by the few affected entire cultural patterns that followed. But it is living experience, whether personal or collective in emphasis, that most strongly determines the quality of art. The more intense this experience is, the more burning is the necessity to give it visual life, and the more vital this new life becomes. Within any formal preoccupation—such as the human figure—one can see how individual modes of experience alter its look through time. The seething restlessness within a Michelangelo, the torment of a Van Gogh, the spiritual fervor of an El Greco—each in its way expands our awareness of human form; through their personally motivated activity these artists increase our understanding of visual interpretation.

The experiential concern behind the art of Rico Lebrun is also the image of man—as he knows, sees, understands, expresses and, in his own way, re-creates it. The powerfully conceived images of earlier work which culminated in the monumental *Crucifixion* (1950) are now undergoing marked changes. As the images change so do the physical means from which they are formed. While still at work on the *Crucifixion*, Mr. Lebrun employed enlarged photographs of details and figure studies to facilitate composing figural elements in a large scale.

Arranging, shifting and reshifting the photographic pieces and pasting or tacking them to a panel before actual changes and corrections are made in the painting would seem to lead naturally enough to using the collage medium as a more final statement. Such a trend, however, has not as yet asserted itself strongly in Mr. Lebrun's work. Instead, in Mexico during 1953 and 1954, a series of "temporary collages" was begun. It is this period—one of formal gestation—that has unusual technical interest for such a traditional painter. During this period an "expendable medium" with an inherent "lack of ceremony" became the vehicle that carried a system of changes from the more literal descriptions of "human gesture" to an organic, symbolic statement of similar content in more or less abstract terms. Illustrative detail gave way to abstracted essence—but the human figure was still of utmost importance to him. All that remains of these collages at the moment are photographs that were taken before he dismantled them and stored them in large portfolios.

Using colored construction paper (which can be purchased in assorted colors in various sizes), white paper sometimes tinted with oil color, charcoal and chalk, India ink, wrapping paper and huge masonite or plywood panels, Mr. Lebrun composed experimental, spontaneous, transitory statements that had a striking influence on the paintings that followed. Often collages were more like drawings with little or no color, but just as often the intense color of Mexico was assimilated into the work. Of the latter group is a large *Crucifixion* which combined the brilliant color impact of Christus figures (loud and bright) with ideas seen in Grünewald's Isenheim altar. Actually a study of the Grünewald piece, it was brought together very rapidly with black and white paper being considered as important as the intense color passages. Mr. Lebrun found this to be his most satisfying work done in Mexico. It too was photographed and dismantled.



Montage of four paintings by **Rico Lebrun**, photographed recently in the artist's studio.

Many days in the studio were spent in preparing the pieces of the large collages. After the tile floor in the studio had been hosed, pieces of brown wrapping paper were laid down and pressed to it, absorbing the water. Washes in varying degrees of black ink were applied and allowed to dry. Other pieces of wrapping paper were colored with Rembrandt oil color applied by means of a cloth dampened in a mixture of turpentine and damar varnish. These were stored away and used later in his California studio for two or three large compositions, among which are the *Black Landscape* and *Ceiling for Nothing*. In both, though no figures are discernible, what he calls an "anatomical persistence" is felt throughout.

He is now engaged in a series of paintings dealing with the horrors of Buchenwald which is an outgrowth of the crucifixion idea, or rather a continuation of it. While the collage technique is not used in these, many of the forms remain—and certainly the attitude in which they were done remains as well. *Buchenwald Pit*, a very large drawing in charcoal on canvas, started out as a sketch to be painted over. Becoming interested in the drawing itself, he discarded the original intention of the painting idea and resolved it without color because in the drawing the "moment of balance" that was reached was strong enough to sustain the work without further development in another medium. This piece was followed by *Buchenwald Cart*, a painting in oil which was purchased out of the 1956 Pennsylvania Academy Annual Exhibition of Painting. The predominant color of bone (achieved with dull whites, umbers and variations of ivory) is relieved with "windows of bottle-green sky." Though not executed with the more traditional draftsmanship for which he is so well known, the recent paintings are concerned with something more: expansion of what he already knows and can do into a more completely fulfilled vision.

With Rico Lebrun, the act of a sudden switch from a very familiar method of operation to a completely different one was enough to exploit possibilities (found only in the new medium) that might suggest an area of new discovery in his artistic production. The large-scale collage—at first approached in an almost playful way—has done this very thing for him. It has implied a direction of growth that would not be accessible in painting—certainly not in the manner of painting for which he is best known. The new paintings as well as the large collages indicate a serious concern with the inventiveness within the picture as well as its literal content. A combination of the two is what he now seeks in his work.

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# IMPRESSIONISM *continued from page 16*

the (Normandy) Coast—and just as selective. He is, if anything, more mystic and more subtle. Hushed though his lyric is, it is not so soft that it yields a note to his contemporaries. Mount Holyoke includes a vibrant green treescape of Twachtman's, in a heavy gilded metal frame—property of the Holyoke Public Library. (For not only is it worth mentioning that the exhibition reunites some French treasures from nearby places, but it brings out of the archives of the community such native ones as this refreshing Twachtman in its cumbersome frame.)

Peripheral figures expand out of the currents of impressionism as rings around the central intensity of Monet: Mary Cassatt's *Young Woman Reading*, a small panel which suggests Chardin, is a workmanlike piece, while her *Woman Sewing*, from the Metropolitan, is an efflorescence of impressionist workmanship. Ernest Lawson's *A Refreshing Drink*—of a boy on a plowhorse in the middle of a pond, where the horse is sipping—is, as the title suggests, calendar art and sentimental, but the high-keyed sunlight honestly derives from impressionism. More engaging artists are Childe Hassam and Maurice Prendergast. Hassam's better works, his New York paintings, are represented by *Union Square, New York*, from the Metropolitan, and the often-reproduced *Union Square, Spring*, from Smith College. Virtuoso impressionist (*In Brittany, Evening Hour*) and cosmopolite though he seemed to be in his own time, Hassam displays charms that now seem akin to Grandma Moses'; he is essentially a naïf, who occasionally felt an atmosphere; the yellow light in *Union Square, Spring*, evokes immediate nostalgia for its time. Prendergast, who made a virtue of the "spottiness" that worried Robinson, is a less-dated figure. The inclusion of works by Prendergast and Glackens, two of "The Eight" credited with carrying American art into a more documentary phase, with an impressionist group awakens attention to the kinetic colors, the sense of moment, the surface excitement they both generated. Prendergast demonstrates these qualities particularly in a watercolor of a festival at the portals of St. Mark's, Venice, and Glackens, with the slanted figures, bright, blurred as in slow motion, of skaters in

Central Park—both from Holyoke's own small collection.

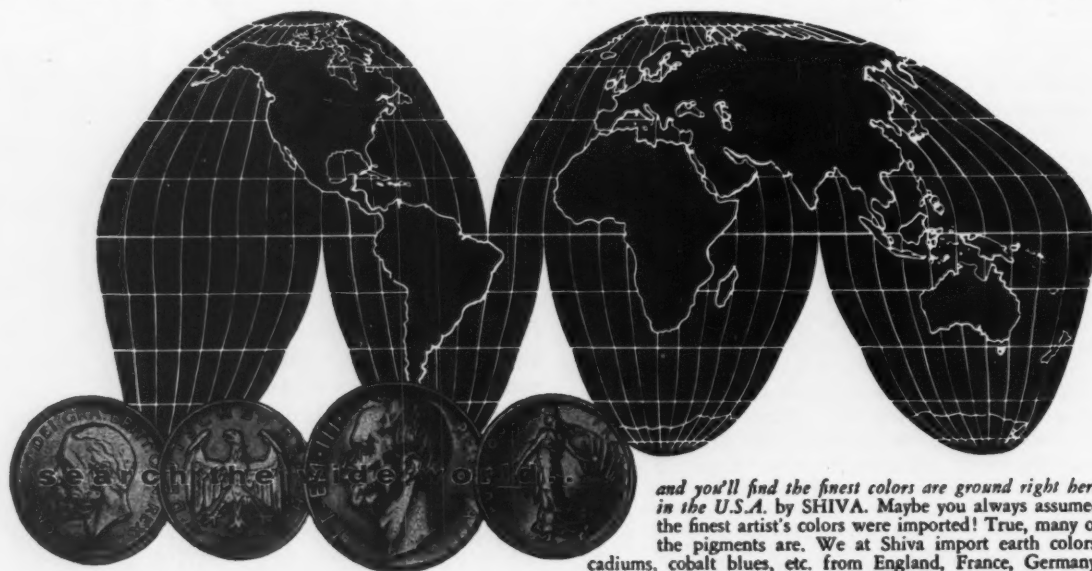
The exhibition serves an excellent teaching purpose in amplifying what must perforce be a limited collection in a liberal arts college. The occasion, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mount Holyoke Friends of Art, which includes members outside the college community, gave impetus to chairman Dorothy Cogswell to eschew the easier "packaged" show and seek out the resources of New England. The effect of this mingling of French and American, in glowing fragments interspersed with large-scale land- and seascapes, ranged in the high church-like rooms of Dwight Memorial Hall, panelled inside in yellow-brown oak, while outside, elms and maples share pinks and orange—the total effect is one of mutual reflection, flowing back and forth, fresh, and curiously indigenous. It is as though Robinson, expressing a more perennial dichotomy than he realized, had sent down deeper roots whose fruits are yet to come.

# BERKSHIRE ANNUAL *continued from page 17*

(donated by friends of the landscape painter) was given to a lovely little Boudinesque oil by Virginia Webb, whose *Beach Houses* has in it the large, fresh air of the French impressionists. Fannie Hillsmith won the largest prize, the Boston and Maine Railroad Award, for a cubist-collage-like painting of a Victorian interior, brown and blue, called *The Waltz*. The Berkshire Art Association's Purchase Award went to Thomas Blagden, whose *Islands to the Far Horizon* will be given to the Berkshire Museum. It is a fine watercolor; the blocky shapes of the islands recede into a wide-swept, blue-striped sea under sun rays defined by color and line. Robert Angeloch's *Stream Bed*, an intricate assemblage of rocky shapes in a slickly painted vertical composition, well merits the *Berkshire Eagle* Award. Other prize-winners are John D. Maziarz, whose works show an energetic, young vitality not yet complicated beyond a display of talent, Alice Gross, Estelle Coniff, Walter Meigs and Richard Roberts, and honorable mentions

*continued on page 71*

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continued from page 70

went to Donald Mochon and Sascha Maurer.

A prize yet to be awarded is the W. H. Shandoff Award for the work receiving the most popular votes. My vote is not yet in, and I would find it hard to cast. It might go to Robert Angeloch for *Old Street*, a dignified gouache in browns and yellows, or to Edwin Cowley for *O'Connell Bridge, Dublin 1955*, a cool, linearly defined landscape. E. Arnold Clark's tightly packed *In-Seed-at-Zero*, suggesting calm distances beyond complicated architecture, must be considered, along with Harry Lane's meticulously painted landscapes, and Tatiana Padwa's satiric caricature, *God's Children*. Frank Epping's sculpture, *Double Portrait*, a two-faced profile incised in highly polished stone, and Jane Whittaker's *12 by 12's*, a curiously awkward construction in oil of golden and brown lumber, would also come to mind.

While the show's general level of quality makes such decisions nicely difficult, it now seems less than it may become, discounting even the persuasions for attention of such an abundance of natural beauty outside the Pittsfield Museum's walls. Most of all, if cream is to be skimmed, more of it must be found, as well as funds sufficient to handle it and facilities to better display it, either in the Pittsfield Museum or apart from it. A wider circle of management and interest must be drawn along with the expanded boundaries for membership. This will demand concerted attention in a region as loosely knit as the Berkshires. Meanwhile, until the Art Association realizes its beginning purposes, there is comfort in knowing that simpler celebrations, sidewalk shows of amateur art, continue to happen as naturally as the change in seasons.

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### LONDON

continued from page 15

Mark Tobey and B. W. Tomlin both come to mind, in looking for the first time at these new, all-over Wynters, and so does the calculated flat fuzziness of Manessier's civilized touch. But really apart from the conception of an even, all-over grille, made up out of calligraphic brushstrokes, the general character of these works is quite underivative. In fact, the kind of touches he uses—sharp, and intellectually controlled rather than impulsively sudden—are precisely those with which he has always worked. Into the side of the granite wall of a cottage or a harbor pier Wynter used to inscribe certain calligraphic touches which were descriptive of the shapes of the stones or of the little channels of cement that separated them. The same semidescriptive, semi-abstract brush drawing was also used to evoke the field patterns on a distant hillside, or the writhing stems of gorse or bracken, in his earlier work. Now, in these new paintings, this personal handwriting is given free rein and may spread itself, uninhibited, from one side of the canvas to the other.

The result is very exciting in many ways. Firstly, the freedom from description has meant that the full rhythmic inventiveness of his wrist and arm is apparent for the first time. Basically his grille, or network of brushsigns (I think the word "brushstroke" no longer applies where the stroke is itself become the chief object in the picture), strings itself along either vertical or horizontal lines. In this it is unlike Tobey's where the signs alight on the canvas, not in any rigid alignment, but with the consistent inconsistency of scattered leaves on a pavement—or daisies on a lawn. In my own painting I am almost entirely concerned now with this consistent inconsistency—the massed leaves of a bush looked down into closely is an equivalent, in one's awareness of the natural scene, for the spatial reality that fascinates me. I personally have tired of horizontal spatial recession—as registered by the recession of objects and planes between myself and the horizon. I am fascinated by the space that one senses only when looking down into the surfaces of objects at right angles—the lichen pattern on a wall; the spreading archipelagoes of the stones and gravel at my feet; the indescribable, unfocusable recessions of a close-leaved bush, as one stares into the blobs (leaves), far and near, and the dashes (twigs), sharp or furry.

But in Bryan Wynter's new paintings the horizontal-vertical grid, plus the enlargement of all the marks toward the bottom of the canvas, gives the unmistakable impression that it is still a horizontal spatial field he is dealing with (what one looks out at, and into, if one stands on one's two feet and looks toward the horizon). The larger, looser marks coming toward the bottom of the picture (or toward one side exclusively) suggest that here are larger, less clearly focused objects. In other words the foreground. And so, although Wynter preserves the shallow depth system, there is nevertheless the feeling that the field of vision is in the traditional place, i.e. at 90° before the face of a vertical man. It is as though Wynter were looking into a system of hanging, semitransparent bead-curtains, ranged one behind another. Non-figurative painting at the present moment is divided between that in which the field of vision is as it is here in Wynter, i.e. horizontal (Soulaiges involves vertical structures standing on this side of an invisible horizon), and that in which no horizon is suggested (e.g. Sam Francis). It will be interesting to see whether Bryan Wynter remains in the former category.

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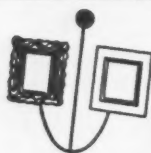


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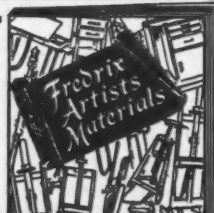
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## IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 67

watercolors. Here the suggestion is of nature's crags, sharp edges and sudden lash marks: a world of chaotic violence, but not without marked color and a certain whimsy. (Panoras, Nov. 26-Dec. 8.) . . . **Allan H. Clarke:** This exhibition charts the movement of a firm and talented painter within the past three years from rhythmic, geometric landscapes and shifting planes to a more abstract style in which color-shapes, particularly spiral groupings, are superimposed upon prepared surfaces, suggesting spatial depths and contrasts of light and dark. (Zabriskie, Nov. 5-24.) . . . **Reda Young:** An exciting use of color distinguishes Reda Young's first one-man show, with bright accents of purple, yellow and green providing the core in such still lifes as *Interior with Iris* and the amusing *Ladies' Hats*. (Panoras, Nov. 12-24.) . . .

**Leon Smith:** Geometric abstractions in which the relationship of colors, applied flatly, to composition is dissected, at first in large canvases where white and blue and orange are played against each other, later in other geometric shapes (mostly triangular) and colors such as somber greens, blacks and browns. (Camino, Nov. 2-23.) . . . **Bernard Lamotte:** These extremely fine gray, rainy scenes of Paris owe much to Lamotte's persuasive handling of color: soft, muted blues and grays alternate with each other to convey texture and reflected surfaces. At times the brushwork seems to be a rude smudge of paint, and then in other areas a smoother application. (Carstairs, Nov. 6-24.) . . .

**Marc Chagall:** Several of Chagall's favorite subjects are remarkably handled in a series of recent gouaches. The theme of circus and carnival is present in two whimsical works, *The Trapeze Artist* and *The Horseback Rider*. Chagall's feeling for romance is here, too, in the sensual, mystic *Lovers at the Window*. (Chalette, Nov. 13-Dec. 8.) . . . **Betty Klavun:** Interiors and landscapes are the nominal subjects of these abstractions, but the predominating interest is color. Figures are included in a few semiabstractions where sharper contrasts of white, black and brown are used to strong effect; but again the artist's concern is with color as subject rather than figure or line. (Moskin, Oct. 23-Nov. 17.) . . . **Charles Le Clair:** The artist here addresses himself to the problem of representing figures in three-dimensional space. Using some cubistic techniques, such as the familiar employment of shifting planes in the definition of objects, he nevertheless banks most heavily upon color, alternating light and dark patches of paint, variously textured. In some instances, there is an arbitrary quality to his objects; the objects are not so much the center of the composition, their *raison d'être*, as they are a pivotal point for the excellent passages that surround them. The more abstract paintings and the subtle *Lighthouse East Shop*, however, are thoroughly successful. (Salpeter, Oct. 29-Nov. 17.) . . . **Yvonne Thomas:** Miss Thomas exhibits large abstractions in which refined, muted colors and deft, strong brushwork block out the areas of her canvas. She succeeds in establishing a really plastic tension and strength in such fine paintings as *Aspen* and *By the Sea*. (Tanager, Oct. 19-Nov. 8.)—G.L.

**Monjo:** An exhibition covering forty years' work by this Spanish sculptor. (Architectural League, Nov. 8-27.)

## OBITUARIES

**Talbot Hamlin,** architect and widely published historian and critic of architecture, died on October 7 in Beaufort, North Carolina. He was sixty-eight years old. His monumental biography of *Benjamin Henry Latrobe* won the Pulitzer Prize for 1956. Hamlin was for many years on the faculty of Columbia University.

**Charles R. Henschel,** a prominent figure in the New York art world, died on October 2 at the age of seventy-one. Board Chairman and President of M. Knoedler and Co. since 1926, Mr. Henschel had been associated with the firm from the age of nineteen.

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# CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

**ANDOVER, MASS.**  
ADDISON GALLERY, to Dec. 3: Scope in Collecting

**ATHENS, GA.**  
MUSEUM, Nov.: Amer. Artists Annual

**BALTIMORE, MD.**  
MUSEUM, from Nov. 6: M.O.M.A. Show; from Nov. 20: AIA Annual

**BELOIT, WISC.**  
SCHERMERHORN, to Nov. 25: G. Peterdi

**BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.**  
SILAGY GALLERY, Nov.: 19th, 20th C. Fr.; Cont. Europ. & Amer.

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 4-29: W'Col. Soc.

**BOSTON, MASS.**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 13-Dec. 30: Colonial Silversmiths

**BRUXELLES, BELG.**  
HELIOS, Cont. P'trs.

**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**  
GROPPER, to Nov. 17: Kollwitz, Roth-bort

**CHICAGO, ILL.**  
ARTS CLUB, Nov. 8-Dec. 6: Klee  
ART INST., to Nov. 25: Japanese Screens

**CINCINNATI, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, to Nov. 27: J. Friedlaender

**CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 8-Jan. 1: Venetian Tradition; Nov. 9-Dec. 30: Print Club

**DALLAS, TEXAS**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 18-Dec. 30: Dozier Exhib.; Young Collection

**DAYTON, OHIO**  
ART INST., Nov.: Local Artists; Print-mkrs. Annual; Ital. prints

**DENVER, COLO.**  
MUSEUM, to Nov. 19: Turn of Century; to Nov. 30: People of the Plains

**FLORENCE, S. C.**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 4-Dec. 1: N. Heim

**FORT WORTH, TEXAS**  
ART CTR., to Nov. 18: G. Grammer

**HAGERSTOWN, MD.**  
MUSEUM, Nov.: Europ. Masterpieces

**HARTFORD, CONN.**  
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to Nov. 25: J. Trumbull

**HOUSTON, TEXAS**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 10-Dec. 2: De La-Marie silver

**INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**  
HERRON MUSEUM, Nov. 4-Dec. 23: Anniv. Exhib.; Cont. P'tgs. & Prints

**LONDON, ENGLAND**  
GIMPEL FILS, Nov.: 19th, 20th C. Fr.; Cont. Brit.

**HANOVER, NOV.: G. Manzu**  
LEFEVRE, Nov.: Cammère

**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**  
STENDAHL, Pre-Col. & Mod.

**MEMPHIS, TENN.**  
BROOKS GALLERY, Nov. 1-25: Penn. P'trs.; A. Lemm; McCarty ceramics

**MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**  
INSTITUTE, to Dec. 9: Prints 1400-1800

**MONTCLAIR, N. J.**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 4-Dec. 2: N. J. Annual

**NEWARK, N. J.**  
MUSEUM, thru Nov. 18: 20th C. Ital.

**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**  
DELGADO MUSEUM, thru Dec. 9: Greek Art

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**  
Museums:  
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkway), to Nov. 13: 15th-19th C. Relig. p'tgs.; to Dec. 30: Picasso, drwgs., prints

COOPER UNION (Cooper Square), to Nov. 10: Fulbright & Prix de Rome winners

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Dec. 2: Masters of Brit. Ptg. 1800-1950

NAT'L ACAD. (1083 5th), Nov. 15-Dec. 2: Graphics, w'cols.

RIVERSIDE (Riverside Dr. at 103), Nov. 4-25: Federation Modern P'trs. & Scpts.

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Nov. 11: Rozsak; Nov. 14-Jan. 6: Annual Galleries:  
A.A.A. (712 5th at 55), to Nov. 17: color lithos; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: L. Harmon

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), to Nov. 10: H. Sternberg; Nov. 12-Dec. 1: D. Burlinck

ALAN (32 E. 65), to Nov. 10: E. Millman; Nov. 12-Dec. 1: R. D'Arista

ARCH. LEAGUE (115 E. 40), Nov. 8-27: Monjo, sculp.

ARGENT (236 E. 60), Nov. 12-Dec. 1: P. Law

ARTISTS (851 Lex. at 64), Nov. 3-22: A.P. Guetersloh; Nov. 24-Dec. 13: E. Giobbi

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Nov.: Amer. P'tgs.

BARONE (202 E. 51), Nov. 1-30: B. Pepper

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), to Nov. 10: Rothbort; Nov. 12-31: Xmas Annual

BODLEY (223 E. 60), to Nov. 10: L. & W. L'Engle; Nov. 12-Dec. 1: A. Walinska, A. Ben-Shmuel; L. Enly

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), to Nov. 17: R. Wolff; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: R. Crawford

BURR (108 W. 56), Nov. 4-17: H. Brockdorff, R. Van Damme; Nov. 18-Dec. 1: A. Ratoucheff

CAMINO (92 E. 10), Nov. 2-22: L. Smith; from Nov. 23: F. Weinstein

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Nov. 6-24: B. Lamotte

CHASE (21 E. 63), Nov. 5-17: J. Walter; Nov. 19-Dec. 1: Grp.

COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Nov. 5-17: E. Bethell; Nov. 19-Dec. 1: A. Hart

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), Nov. 5-23: S. Csoka

COOPER (313 W. 53), Nov. 3-23: J. Prezant, R. Ruthkawski

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to Nov. 10: M. Belkin; Nov. 12-24: D. Hyman; L. Davis

D'ARCY (19 E. 79), Nov.: Primitive Arts, Mod. P'trs.

DAVIS (231 E. 60), to Nov. 17: E. Shinn

DE AENLE (59 W. 53), to Nov. 8: E. Ramirez

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), Nov. 12-30: A. Gross

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), from Nov. 7: R. Selchow

DELIUS (24 E. 67), to Nov. 17: Cross Section of Centuries

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Nov. 6-24: M. Farber

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Nov. 6-Dec. 1: S. Davis

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Nov. 24: Old & Mod. Drwgs.

DUVEN (18 E. 79), Old Masters

DUVEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Nov. 6-24: L. Ziegler

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), from Nov. 17: Lowe awards

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), Nov. 12-30: J. Levee

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Nov. 7-24: V. Vytlačil

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), Nov. 6-24: German Expressionists

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), from Nov. 9: Group

FRENCH & CO. (210 E. 57), Works of Art

FRIED (40 E. 68), thru Nov.: Mod. Masters

GALERIE BOISSEvain (150 E. 78), to Nov. 17: Cont. Fr.; Nov. 18-30: Jamaican Cont. Art

GALERIE CHALETTE (45 W. 57), from Nov. 13: Chagall

GALERIE DE BRAUX (131 E. 55), Nov.: Maregina

GALLERY G (200 E. 59), Nov. 13-Dec. 13: D. Newman

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), Nov. 1-27: Campagnola

JAMES GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Nov. 15-Dec. 10: O. Bluemner

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vanderbilt at 42), thru Nov. 8: Founders' Exhib.; Nov. 13-24: C. Wuerner; Nov. 6-24: G. Grant

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Nov. 16-Dec. 5: H. Cooke

HAMMER (51 E. 57), to Nov. 10: R. Guerrier; Nov. 13-Dec. 1: Kasilius

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Nov. 17: D. Haugaard; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: F. Lansner

HELLER (63 E. 57), Nov. 6-24: E. Chavez

HERVE (611 Mad. at 58), Nov.: Gro. Hewitt (29 E. 65), Nov. 5-24: C. Blanchard

JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Nov. 17: Wm. Scott; Nov. 13-Dec. 1: S. Regensberger; A. Topies

JAMES (70 E. 12), to Nov. 8: A. Mast; Nov. 9-29: Grp.

JANIS (15 E. 57), to Nov. 22: K. Schwitters

KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), from Nov. 15: W. R. Flint, A. Menaboni, Hsien-Chi Tseng

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), to Nov. 10: Zao-wou-ki; Nov. 12-Dec. 15: Jawlensky

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), to Nov. 17: Tamayo; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: Buffet

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), to Nov. 17: Mathieu; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: P. Hosiasson

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Nov. 5-17: M. Sarchan; Nov. 19-Dec. 1: Mathes, De Nicola, Thomasian

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), to Nov. 17: H. Schnakenberg

LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS (28 E. 72), to Nov. 10: S. Mertens; Nov. 16-Dec. 1: R. Barnete

LILLIPUT (231 1/2 Eliz., Wed., Fri., by app't.), Nov.: The Women's Museum

LITTLE STUDIO (680 Mad.), Nov. 9-30: P. Noyer

MANCUSO (227 E. 63), Nov.: Cont. P'tgs.

MARINO (46 W. 56), Nov.: Amer. Negro Art

MATISSE (41 E. 57), Nov. 5-30: L. MacIver

MELTZER (38 W. 57), to Nov. 19: L. Bunce

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), to Nov. 17: F. Wong

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Nov. 17: P. Cadmus; Nov. 20-Dec. 15: G. M. Davis

MILCH (55 E. 57), Nov. 5-24: S. Etnier

MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th), from Nov. 10: M. Avery

MORRIS (174 Waverly), to Nov. 10: K. Metz, J. Clark; Nov. 17-Dec. 1: J. F. Bielawski

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Nov. 17: B. Klavun

NAT. ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pk.), Nov. 1-15: Prof. League

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), Nov. 19-Dec. 1: P. Clerk

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Nov. 1-21: C. Baskerville

PANORAS (62 W. 56), to Nov. 10: P. Kordas; Nov. 12-24: R. Young; Nov. 28-Dec. 8: H. Macdonald

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Nov. 12-30: J. Harvey

PARSONS (15 E. 57), Nov. 5-24: A. Reinhardt

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), to Nov. 17: E. Ludins; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: R. D. Roy

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), to Nov. 17: R. Pollack; Nov. 19-Dec. 15: R. Beck

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Nov. 12-Dec. 22: Rouault

PETITE (129 W. 56), Nov. 18-Dec. 1: H. Wolf

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Nov. 1-15: Hadgadya; Nov. 16-30: H. Mathes

REHN (683 5th at 54), Nov. 5-24: R. Gikow

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), to Nov. 14: R. A. Parker; Nov. 17-Dec. 7: Anniv. Exhib.

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Nov. 5-Dec. 1: Corat

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Dec. 1: V. Da Silva

SALPETER (42 E. 57), to Nov. 17: C. Le Clair; Nov. 19-Dec. 15: E. Blum

SALZ (7 E. 76), 19th & 20th C. Fr. B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Nov. 17: B. Greene; Nov. 19-Dec. 8: M. Karasz

SCHAEFFER (983 Park at 83), Nov.: Old Masters

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Nov. 20-Dec. 20: Serger

SCULPTURE CENTER (167 E. 69), Nov.: Group

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Nov.: African Art

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), to Nov. 10: Contemp. Brit.

STABLE (924 7th at 58), from Nov. 5: Marca-relli

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), to Nov. 17: M. L. Pacheco

TANAGER (90 E. 10), Nov. 9-27: Group

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), to Nov. 15: Aesthetic Realists

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), to Nov. 17: J. de Creeft; Nov. 19-Dec. 15: Corita, Amer. Grp.

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), Nov.: Fr. Masters

VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove), Nov. 12-30: Invit. Exhib.

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Nov. 12-Dec. 8: Minguzzi

WALKER (117 E. 57), from Nov. 5: M. Jamieson

VERNA WEAR (430 Mad.), thru Nov. 10: L. Kupferman

WELLONS (17 E. 64), to Nov. 10: J. Di Marco; A. Weschler; Nov. 12-Dec. 1: Grp.

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Nov.: V. Bobbitt, mosaics; B. Weston

WHITE (42 E. 57), Nov. 7-Dec. 1: A. Flemming

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Nov. 1-Dec. 1: Nude in Ptg.

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to Nov. 24: Japanese Screens

WITTENBORN (38 E. 57), Nov. 1-15: J. Cornell; Nov. 16-30: B. Munari

ZABRISKIE (835 Mad. at 69), Nov. 5-24: A. H. Clarke

**PARIS, FRANCE**  
GALERIE BING, Nov. 6-Dec. 1: Atlan

GALERIE DENISE RENE, Nov.: Tinguely

GALERIE FURSTENBERG, Nov.: Mod. Group

GALERIE RENE DROUET, Nov.: Contemp. P'tgs.

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**  
ACADEMY, thru Nov. 18: Phila. Artists

ART ALLIANCE, to Nov. 22: T. Rowlands

**PITTSFIELD, MASS.**  
BERKSHIRE MUSEUM, Nov. 1-11: Annual; Nov. 1-23: Women Artists

**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**  
MEMORIAL GALLERY, Nov. 9-30: N. De Stael

**ROCKPORT, MASS.**  
ART ASSOC., from Nov. 11: P. Trotter

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**  
MUSEUM, Nov. 2-26: Group 15; Prints from 20 Nations

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**  
DE YOUNG MUSEUM, from Oct. 24: Western Annual

LEGION OF HONOR, from Oct. 20: C. Gassion

**TORONTO, CANADA**  
GAL. CONTEMPORARY ART, Nov. 10-Dec. 1: K. Nakamura

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
CORCORAN, to Nov. 11: Bolton, Kainen, Brabant, Cooper

NATIONAL GALLERY, W'cols. from Index of Amer. Design

PHILLIPS, Nov. 4-Dec. 11: C. Burchfield





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